



No. 113

MERRY ENGLAND

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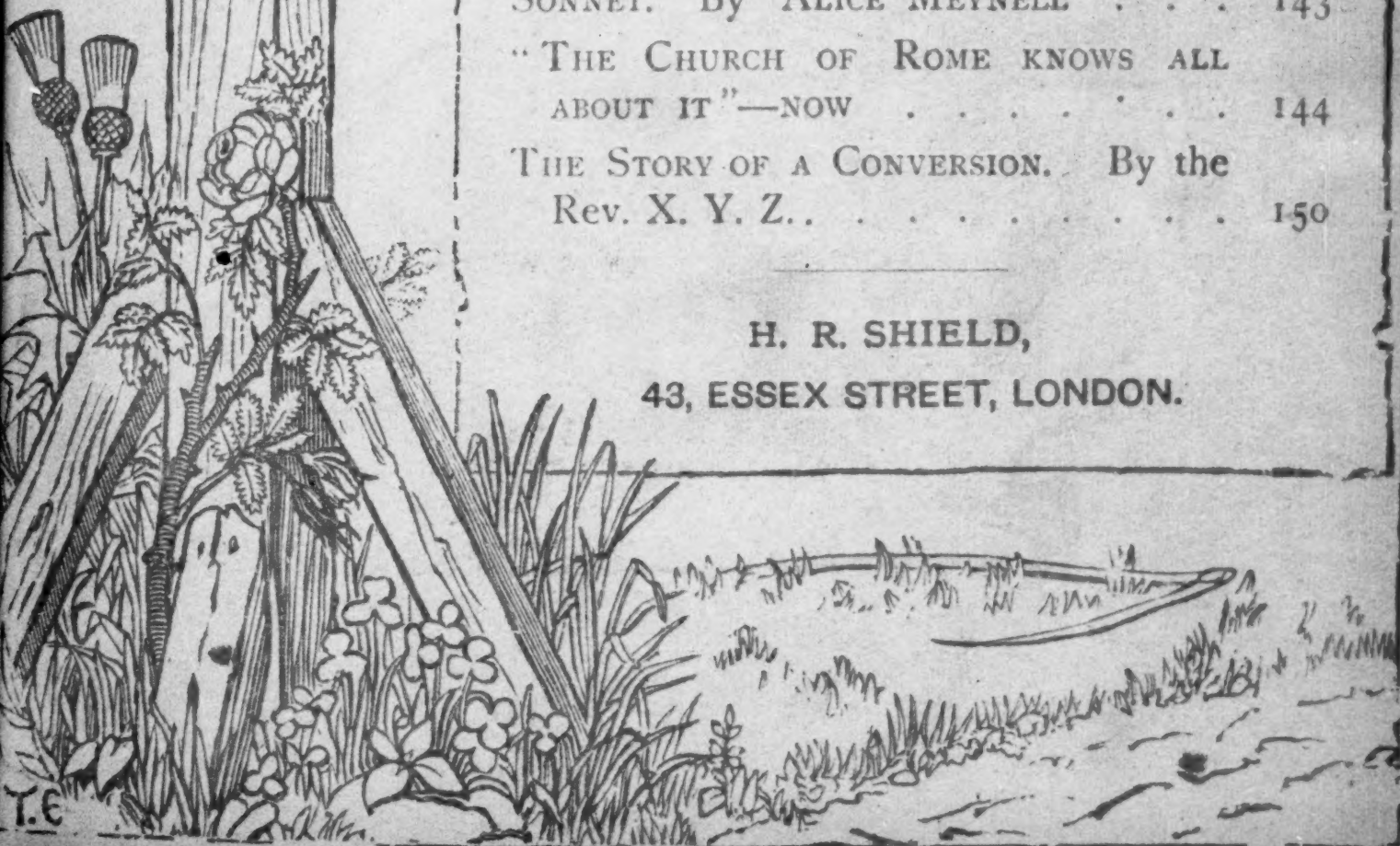
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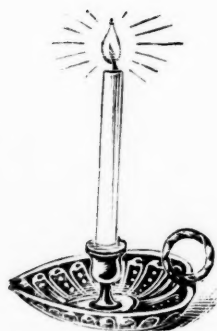
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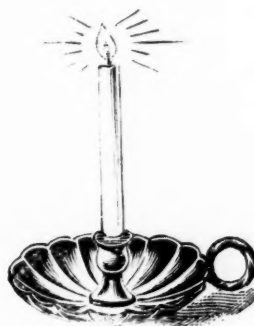
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THE LATE WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.,
ARCHBISHOP OF CABASA.

MERRY ENGLAND.

DECEMBER, 1892.

On Obscure Books.

THE next best thing to understanding an obscure matter, and the first and most necessary step towards understanding it, is to know that you do not understand it, waiving for a time and in your own respect the popular and pleasant assumption that everything in which there is anything to be understood can be understood by everybody and at once. The threadbare saying, "If you do not understand a man's ignorance, you should think yourself ignorant of his understanding," should be cherished by every reader who does not read merely to pass the time. Active, intelligent, and modest minds are able, in most cases, to discover at a glance whether the obscurity of a book is due to the author's ignorance or their own; but, unhappily, such minds are rare; and the consequence is that most of the great books of the world rest unread upon the dusty bookshelves of our big libraries. "What is the use of reading books which, perhaps, we could not understand, if we tried ever so much? And what a bore it would be to learn to understand them if we could," is the remark that will naturally occur. But the fact is that the obscure works of

great writers are never wholly obscure, unless they are purely technical and scientific; and that the little which may easily be understood in them is generally sweeter and brighter than all the sweetness and light of many a perfectly intelligible and widely popular author.

Nor is the reading the less pleasant to anyone who seeks more in reading than the merest amusement, because the way is somewhat rough, and there may be great boulders or even craggy hills which he must avoid and go round instead of over. The way often sparkles with gems of forgotten novelty, and it is the most agreeable of surprises to find how many problems which agitate the contemporary heart have been settled once and for ever, hundreds or thousands of years ago. You may not understand one-tenth of a treatise by Aristotle, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Swedenborg, or Hegel; but what you do comprehend remains engraved in your memory like a precious intaglio, and you find that you have been learning *things* and not listening to gossip *about* things. Then there is the pleasure—always great to an active mind—of being active. You have to ask yourself at every step whether you have rightly understood; and whether you concur or not, the novelty of style excites your intelligence, instead of laying it to sleep, as the smooth conventional language of the day often does, so that you think you understand when you do not, or when, perhaps, there has been nothing to understand. Again, the often hopeless obscurities of some passages throw the clearer parts into such splendid clearness! How delightful to find in Plato, among a good deal from which the light has, perhaps, for ever departed, a political passage, long, clear, forcible, and as *à propos* as if it had been written yesterday by a supernaturally vigorous correspondent of the *Times*. Nor is the reading of the authors of great exploded systems of philosophy to be neglected. Though erroneous as well as obscure, the errors of great original thinkers are commonly related in a more living manner to truth than the

commonplaces and pretentious *réchauffés* of the present day; and, in the course of proving what may now seem, or may really be, an absurd proposition, they often scatter about them many sparks of living truth, any one of which might suffice for the theme about which a nineteenth-century writer might talk profoundly through sixteen pages of a first-class periodical. Even from a far less elevated point of view than that of the true student, the reading of such books is in its results profitable and delightful. If you want to shine as a diner-out, the best way is to know something which others do not know, and not to know many things which everybody knows. This takes much less reading, and is doubly effective, inasmuch as it makes you a really good, that is, an interested listener, as well as a talker. Your neighbour at the board can tell you what the *Times* or the *Contemporary Review*, which you have not read, says about the matter, and you can supplement the information by something on the subject from Hobbes or Hooker; and each converses with the pleasant sense of being superior to the other, and able to instruct him.

But to return to the point of view of the student, there is no more agreeable result of reading such books as we are treating of than that of gradually discovering that great Doctors of the Church, schoolmen, mystics, and others were not such idiots as we fancied we were bound to believe them to have been, and as, indeed, such elegant extracts as are all that is known of them by most enlightened persons may seem to prove them to have been. Such passages may appear to be not obscure, but very clear nonsense, and may seem to imply, if we know no more, that these writers could not possibly write sensibly on anything. But the result of a direct and considerate acquaintance with their books themselves may be the discovery of quite simple explanations of such seemingly hopeless anomalies; for example, the strange traditional practice which prevailed among the school-

men, and prevails in some theological schools even in the present day, of confirming a thesis by some brief and quite inconclusive argument or authority, and then going on with the real proof in the body of the chapter or article, is the clue to the existence of many most amusing demonstrations of the imbecility of men who have won immortal names for their learning and sagacity. But perhaps the greatest of all the advantages of this sort of reading is the advantage of keeping company with the intellectually great, apart from any specific and tangible acquisition of knowledge. Great authors are always greater than their books. The best part of the best play of Shakspeare is Shakspeare himself, the vast, wholesome, serene, and unique individuality which stands above and breathes through tragedy and comedy alike. Fortunately, the most ordinary education implies contact with several of these primary spheres of benign influence ; but there are many others, totally different in character, which might be approached with the same kind of benefit by the general student, but scarcely ever are. Of course, the principal excuse for this is that many or most such works as we are contemplating are in some language which the ordinary reader—though he may have been at a public school and University—cannot comfortably read. But this excuse is insufficient. The best writers, even the best poets, bear translation best ; and unless a man can read Greek comfortably, which is really an exceedingly rare accomplishment, or can peruse Latin freely, which is not at all a common acquirement, even among the most expensively educated, he will get much more of the author's thought by handling fairly good translations than by consulting originals, of which the inherent obscurity may be quite sufficient for his patience.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

God's Birds.

THE QUAIL.

THE quail, a yearly visitant of ours, is always best remembered as a bird of the Bible. Quails are very numerous in the Bible lands : large flocks of them are found in Palestine, in the neighbourhood of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and in the adjacent countries, especially when, in spring and autumn, they pass over these regions, migrating north or south.

One spring, more than three thousand years ago, when the Israelites, wandering through the Desert of Sin, murmured for lack of food, God heard their querulous petition ; and so, as Moses tells us, " it came to pass in the evening, that quails coming up covered the camp " (Exodus xvi. 13). To this event the Book of Wisdom twice refers, in recalling the memory of God's mercies : " Thou gavest them their desire of delicious food, of a new taste, preparing for them quails for their meat " (xvi. 2) ; and, again : " They saw a new generation of birds, when, being led by their appetite, they asked for delicate meats ; for to satisfy their desire the quail came up to them from the sea " (xix. 11, 12). These birds, coming up from the Red Sea, were evidently on their usual journey north, and, as would appear from this last passage, were still unknown to the Israelites who had sojourned so long in Egypt.

In the Koran, Mohammed makes mention of the coming of the quails ; and he also calls them " delicious food " or " delicate meats." Moreover, the Arabic word for the quail, which means

"plumpness," and so well suits its appearance, is the old Bible word that Moses used but very little changed.

The next spring when, having grown tired of the manna, and hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, the people murmured afresh, "a wind going out from the Lord, taking quails up beyond the sea, brought them, and cast them into the camp, for the space of one day's journey, on every side of the camp round about ; and they flew in the air two cubits high above the ground. The people, therefore, rising up all that day and night, and the next day, gathered together of quails, he that did least, ten cores. And they dried them round about the camp" (Numbers xi. 31, 32). The Psalmist commemorates this second and more memorable event as follows: "He (God) removed the south wind from heaven, and by His power brought in the south-west wind. And He rained upon them flesh as dust, and feathered fowls like as the sand of the sea. And they fell in the midst of their camp, round about their pavilions" (lxxvii. 26-28). And, again, he mentions among the "marvellous works" God had done for His people that "they asked and the quail came" (civ. 40).

The foregoing texts afford illustration of the following facts in the natural history of the quail. These birds are birds of passage ; they fly in large flocks ; being short and weak of wing, they wait for its coming and fly "on the wings of the wind"; they do not care for the south wind, which is too damp and heavy to be of much assistance to them; even with a favourable wind they are so helpless as almost literally to be taken up by it, and brought by it, and cast down by it, falling from it as a gift from the hand of God ; they fly low, especially when tired, these that came on the second occasion being caught flying about three-and-a-half feet above the ground ; they fly by night in order to escape the birds of prey ; and it was when tired with their nocturnal flight, that the quails were found round about the camp of the Israelites in the morning. The ease also

with which quails are captured is here shown ; the ordinary manner of preserving them for food is indicated ; and even full justice is done to them as game-birds.

Whatever may be said of the first coming of the quails, it is evident from the words of the Bible that, on the second occasion, their appearance was the direct result of a special interposition of Divine Providence, miraculous in the manner of its accomplishment and in the vast numbers of the birds that came. These quails were, no doubt, on their usual way northwards, coming from Africa, borne across the Red Sea on the wind *Africus* ; but they seem to have been belated in their migration by unfavourable winds, a circumstance which, leading to the disappointment of the hopes of the Israelites—who, from their experience of the preceding spring, would seem to have watched day by day for their coming, and to have counted upon them for a much-longed-for change of diet—gave them an occasion for a fresh outbreak of their discontent. So great was the number of the birds when they did come that, as we are assured, they were sufficient to feed “six hundred thousand footmen,” without counting the women and children, “for a month of days.” In corroboration of all this, we are told that in some countries in the South of Europe quails arrive in such vast numbers, and are so fatigued from their long flight over sea, that they may be caught for several days, even by hand, as they wearily pursue their flight not far above the ground.

So, well may the calm-bound sailor ask for “a wind going out from the Lord” to waft him swiftly home ; and the storm-tossed mariner pray that He, in Whose hand the elements are, the Law-giver above the law, would say to the wild winds and waves of the midmost ocean, as He did of old to the storm on His own Sea of Galilee, “Peace ; be still !” And well too may we beg even for fine weather or for rain from God, remembering the miraculous coming of the quails, and that assurance of the Psalmist—doubly true in our case, who are His chosen people in

the best sense, "heirs indeed of God and joint-heirs with Christ"—"Thou shalt set apart for Thy inheritance a *free* rain, O God!" (Ps. lxvii.)

"The cornland-loving quayle, the loveliest of our bits," as Drayton calls it, is also commemorated by Longfellow, in his "Divine Tragedy," where, referring to the Gospel text of how when Jesus on the Sabbath-day "went through the cornfields, His Disciples plucked the ears, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands," he makes Nathaniel say to Philip :

How cheerily the Sabbath-breaking quail
Pipes in the corn, and bids us to his Feast
Of Wheat Sheaves.

THE CUCKOO.

THERE is some doubt as to what bird is meant by "the *larus*," that is included in the lists of the birds forbidden as food by the law of Moses. In our version of the Bible, the translators, themselves in doubt, have left us the Latin word for us to determine. Some scholars think that the bird in question is the sea-mew ; and this opinion is strengthened by the fact that *larus* is the scientific name of the bird of the white sea-foam. The very possibility of the sea-mew's being a bird of the Bible—and the bird is common in Palestine—is enough to take us back in dreams to a tender scene of long ago. 'Tis evening on the Sea of Galilee, and Jesus is asleep in the stern of the storm-driven bark ; a belated sea-mew, bravely battling with the winds, has followed in its wake, with its yearning and almost human cry, ever and anon sinking to rest for a moment on the wild bosom of the darkling waters ; and as Jesus rises up to rebuke the winds and waves, He seems to point to the brave bird, still visible in the fast-gathering night, brooding calmly as on her nest : an example of trust to His Disciples, as He says to them : "Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?"

An interesting bird, indeed, is the white sea-mew !

Familiar with the waves, and free,
As if their own white foam were he :
His heart upon the heart of ocean,
Learning all its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea.

But we must no longer dally with the thought of him ; for in their popular version of the Pentateuch, the English Jews—to whom the matter is one of importance, as pertaining to their ceremonial law, even at the present day—following the translation of the Protestant Bible, incline much to the opinion that the *shachaph*, as the bird was originally called, is really the cuckoo. And so, with little room for doubt, the cuckoo we must take him to be.

And there!—for it is the jolly spring-time—from a neighbouring croft falls on my ear a voice that comes as if to put an end to all controversy, calling confidently again and again, “Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !”

The cuckoo is found also in the Holy Land and the adjacent countries, the great spotted cuckoo being very common there. And there, in days of old, we may be sure, its happy cry came as the very voice of spring to the ears of the great Hebrew law-giver, who, once and again at God's dictation, wrote its name in the records of the law. And in that old time men would eagerly listen, as we do to-day, for the first glad cry of the first cuckoo ; and would wonder, as they caught the frequent sound—as we wonder now, and with the bird's own poet—whether they should call the cuckoo a bird at all, or but a wandering voice. The boys, too, of the people of God—for boys will be boys—just like you and me in that sweet cuckoo-time of life, our own happy boyhood, would start the cuckoo's curious voice to hear and imitate his lay.

But here back again—and it may be from the Jordan valley—the cuckoo-birds have come to us. It is the month of May ; on the listening air has just died the last note of the sweet summons to the evening *Angelus*, rung from the turret of St.

Mary's Shrine ; and now again, falling on the ear from our neighbour's croft,

Hark, how the cuckoo mocks the village bells.

Naturalists tell us more wonderful facts of the habits of the cuckoo than fancy ever feigned : but, exception as it is to all the rules of bird-life it can be but little comfort to this poor bird that it serves to prove the rule. A bird of passage, the cuckoo comes and goes, but has no stake in the country ; even when it is here it is a vagrant and something of a vagabond, leading, as it would seem, an idle and good-for-nothing life : a bird, in short, that may fitly be described as of no known occupation and no fixed residence. It has no mate, it builds no nest, it shuffles off all parental responsibility ; and even the mother-bird, which can hardly be called a mother at all, has satisfied her maternal instincts, when she has founded, or rather found, every here and there, a little foundling hospital for her own relief.

It is curious to note how cleverly the cuckoo foists her eggs upon her unsuspecting neighbours. She usually lays upon the ground, and then, carrying her egg in her mouth, deposits it in the nest she has chosen, one egg in a nest, as a rule, and, as a rule, in the nest of some small bird. The egg is very small for so large a bird, being ordinarily about the size of a skylark's ; but varies in size and appearance, as if laid to order, so as to resemble somewhat the eggs of the bird in whose nest it is placed. The egg of the great spotted cuckoo is as large as the rook's, and is usually laid, they say, in the nest of one of the larger birds. About fifty kinds of small birds, among which are our old friends, the blackbird, the robin, and the skylark, are known to have been patronised, or victimised, in this very engaging fashion.

But the mischief does not end there ; for hardly has the young cuckoo been hatched, and even before its eyes are opened, than dreams of great ambition come to it. One by one it gets its little foster brothers and sisters upon its back,

and literally shoulders them up and over the side of the nest, and itself takes sole possession. I have read somewhere that in some parts of Palestine the cuckoo is called *ya-koob*, or Jacob's bird; and I have sometimes thought it possible that the bird gets its nickname from that early act of eviction which so closely resembles the conduct of Jacob towards his brother, Esau.

And that first, appropriated nest, is now the only one the cuckoo ever owns. A Bohemian legend says that once upon a time, while the birds were all busy building their nests, the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin came round: the other birds ceased from their work in honour of a day so holy; but the cuckoos went on with their nest-building, not caring for the Feast, and were condemned for their irreverence never thenceforth to possess a nest of their own.

So, after all, the cuckoo is to be pitied rather than despised, leading, as it does, a mateless, homeless, lonely life. But neither does it much need our pity; for, in spite of all, it is a very popular bird, popular alike with the people and the poets: Valmiki, the epic poet of India, even calling himself "the Koel." Indeed, the bird's very name, when the bird itself pronounces it, is its ample apology. And the cuckoo-bird is always welcome, coming as he does, a bird of happy omen, to fill our hearts at his first word with the pleasures of hope; for, though one swallow does not make a summer, as we know, one cuckoo makes a spring. He is something of a poet, too, and, like the poets, an interpreter of Nature, a reader of the silent signs of her deaf-and-dumb alphabet which we do not understand. The very tone of his hearty, double note is full of hope and cheer. "Never say die!" is clearly the message God has given His cuckoo to deliver to the world; and Babel brought no confusion to that happy voice of spring. And as we listen, in the sweet Easter days, to that oft-repeated word, and see the flowers bloom beneath the

feet of the Angel of Spring, as he walks through the meadows, thoughts will come of our own resurrection that shall be in God's eternal spring.

It may with truth be said, in more senses than one, that the cuckoo has made quite a name for himself. He tells his name—or rather *shouts* it, as Wordsworth has more than once remarked—to every passer-by; until in several languages, in English, French, and Arabic, that word of the bird-language has become part of the language of men; just as, from its continual cry, one of the dab-chicks is popularly called “the stint,” and the lapwing “the peewit.” I have heard a cuckoo at midnight telling his name to the young moon, and over and over again, lest in her travels she should ever forget it.

The cuckoo is an exception in this also, as in so many other things, that he is liked in spite of his always talking about himself, and that he brings pleasure best to others by selfishly seeking his own. But let us beware of imitating the bird: we should prove less fortunate. The cuckoo-note will need no excuse for its monotony if we only remember that, as the Hindoos say, it is a perpetual invocation of God.

It is said that the cuckoo sings in autumn also, though the well-known voice is then less clear and less strong. The old birds begin to leave us even in July, and seem to have all gone by about the middle of August: the young ones, however, stay with us a month or six weeks longer. And so I always love to think that it is these that are heard in autumn, practising for their first spring in some sweet, southern land, to which they will soon be going.

If the strange conduct of the cuckoo is according to the instinct God gave these birds at the first, it is not easy to understand the meaning of Divine Providence in the matter: but we can always trust God in all His ways, in little things as well as in great. Some scientists say, indeed, that it is the bad habits of long ago that have become in process of

time a second nature to the bird, and that at first the cuckoos were in their habits like other birds; and they adduce, in confirmation of their opinion, the fact that the American cuckoo does nearly always build a nest and hatch its eggs. But will these naturalists tell us whether this American cuckoo is beginning or ending the bad habit? It is probable that they would say the former; and if so, the future will be able to test their rather startling theory. In the meantime, the conduct of the American cow-bunting, which is quite on a par with that of our cuckoo, is calculated to keep our cousins from any overweening pride in their bird-morality. And if it be so even among the birds, can we wonder that the sins of men are visited on their children to the third and fourth generation? In any explanation of the strange parable of Nature we have been considering, to me the moral comes rather from the conduct of the tender foster-parents on whom the cuckoo's burden is cast, who seem to repeat, in their own sweet way, what St. Paul wrote to the Galatians: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ."

THE EAGLE.

BIRDS of prey are very numerous in the Bible lands, even four or five species of eagle being found in Palestine at the present day. Naturally, therefore, we look for frequent mention in the Bible of the king of birds. And there, indeed, in many a sublime passage, we may see him as he wings his way, with proud and powerful pinion, from peak to peak of those "eternal hills" the prophets.

God says to Moses on Mount Sinai, speaking of His people in their new-found freedom: "You have seen what I have done to the Egyptians, how I have carried you upon the wings of eagles, and have taken you to Myself" (Exodus xix. 4). And this beautiful image is developed by Moses, in his canticle in praise of the same paternal care over Israel, in an elder day, when he

was but a young people, and God "led him about, and taught him," where he sings : "As the eagle, enticing her young to fly and hovering over them, He spread His wings, and hath taken him and carried him on His shoulders" (Deut. xxxii. 10, 11). Indeed, travellers aver that when the eaglets are afraid to make their first venture on the wing, the mother-bird really takes them and carries them on her shoulders in her flight. The beautiful lines that Goldsmith wrote of a minister of God, but which find their only adequate application in God's own dealings with His chosen people, may well serve as the poetic paraphrase of those words of Moses, so that we may say of God in this connexion :

As a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

When Booz blessed Ruth for her goodness to Noemi, and for leaving her own people for the people of God, he spoke of God as of Him "under whose wings" she was fled (Ruth ii. 12); and six times in the Psalms similar expressions are used to denote a place of refuge for protection and defence, a place where the soul may trust and hope and rejoice, namely, "under the shadow," or "under the covert of (God's) wings." Though no particular bird is named, it is, of course, quite evident that God's care of His children is likened to the care of some mother-bird over her brood; and that this was some large and powerful bird is equally plain from the last of these passages : "He will overshadow thee with His shoulders, and under His wings thou shalt trust" (Ps. xc. 4). There can, therefore, be no reasonable doubt, I think, that it was the eagle which was in the mind of the Psalmist when he sang in these strains of the protection of God : especially if we remember that, as we have already seen, God does once, in another way, liken His care of His chosen people to the eagle's care of her young; and that only to the eagle, by name, in the Old Testament, is God Himself ever in any way compared.

Speaking of the wonders of Creation, the Book of Job puts to man this question: "Will the eagle mount up at *thy* command and make her nest in high places? She abideth among the rocks, and dwelleth among cragged flints and stony hills, where there is no access. From thence she looketh for the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones shall suck up blood; and wheresoever the carcass shall be she is immediately there" (xxxix. 27-30).

Our Blessed Lord, referring probably to this text, seems to take this last-named fact of natural history as an illustration of the way in which all men shall be gathered together at the Last Judgment: "Wheresoever the body shall be," He says, "there shall the eagles also be gathered together" (St. Matt. xxiv. 28. Luke xvii. 37). Some see also in these words a prophecy of the manner in which the Roman armies with their eagle standards should gather to the corpse of the Jewish nation at the destruction of Jerusalem. But the words of Our Lord—whatever may be said of the text from Job and some other passages yet to be quoted—seem to many to point rather to the vulture than to the eagle; for, as they say, for the one time that you will count a few eagles about a carcass there are a dozen times when you may see scores of the gregarious vulture. The eagle is also mentioned as a carrion-bird in words already cited from Proverbs; and as such he is also included in the lists of the birds that were unclean.

In this same book Solomon says that to him "the way of an eagle in the air" was hard to understand (xxx. 19); and in his wisdom he gives us the following counsel: "Lift not up thy eyes to riches which thou canst not have; because they shall make themselves wings like those of an eagle, and shall fly towards heaven" (xxiii. 5). The sustained power and rapidity of the eagle's flight are frequently alluded to, and the circumstance of its hurrying to the prey is nearly always added as one calculated to increase its speed. Now it is Moses saying: "The Lord will bring upon thee a nation from afar, and from the uttermost ends

of the earth, like an eagle that flieth swiftly" (Deut. xxviii. 49); and, again, it is Job with his pathetic lament for the days that are no more, a cry ever old and ever new: "My days have been swifter than a post, they have fled away and have not seen good; they have passed by as ships carrying fruits, as an eagle flying to the prey" (ix. 25-26). Or it is Jeremias over and over again. Of Nabuchodonosor coming against Jerusalem he says: "His horses are swifter than eagles" (iv. 13); and of the Lord in anger against the Philistines: "Behold, He shall fly as an eagle, and shall stretch forth His wings to Moab" (xlviii. 40); again, on a like occasion, against Edom: "Behold, He shall come up as an eagle and fly, and He shall spread His wings over Bosra" (xlix. 22); or, lastly, in his Lamentations, where he complains: "Our persecutors were swifter than the eagles of the air; they pursued us upon the mountains; they lay in wait for us in the wilderness" (iv. 19). The Prophet Habacuc also employs similar language concerning the coming of the Chaldeans against the people of God: "Their horsemen shall come from afar, they shall fly as an eagle that maketh haste to eat; they shall all come to the prey" (i. 8, 9).

The eagle's voice, like a trumpet-call, is noticed in Osec, where God says to the Prophet: "Let there be a trumpet in thy throat, like an eagle upon the house of the Lord: because they have transgressed My covenant, and have violated My Law" (viii. 1). And in the Apocalypse, St. John says of an Angel's voice: "I beheld, and heard the voice of one eagle flying through the midst of Heaven" (viii. 13).

Passing by the casual allusions to the eagle in Daniel (iv. 30), and in the Apocalypse (xii. 14), there is in Ezechiel (xvii.) the sublime parable of the two eagles and the vine, in which the king of birds is the type of the great kings of Babylon and Egypt. In the vision of Ezechiel one of the mystic creatures has "the face of an eagle" (i. 10, and again, x. 14). A similar symbolism is found also in the vision of Daniel (vii. 4); and in

the Apocalypse, "the fourth living creature was like an eagle flying" (iv. 7).

The mysterious creature, with "the face of an eagle," in the prophecy of Ezechiel, is taken as the type of the Beloved Disciple, and a symbol of the boldness of flight and keenness of vision with which, like an eagle on some mountain peak, gazing unabashed on the noon-day sun, he soared aloft to Heaven and looked upon the unclouded splendour of the Godhead, until, inspired by the glorious sight, he burst forth into the sublime prelude of his Gospel on the Divinity of Christ. With "a virgin heart," like Galahad, he might have boasted of his faith, as the knight boasted of his physical vigour:

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

And that is precisely what his Divine Master taught: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God;" here, indeed, by the very vividness of their faith, and hereafter, face to face in Heaven, for its everlasting reward.

The eagle in his eyrie is also very naturally employed by the Bible as an emblem of the pride of place and power. To Edom it is said: "Thy arrogancy hath deceived thee and the pride of thy heart, O thou that dwellest in the clifts of the rock, and endeavourest to lay hold on the height of the hill; but though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as an eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord" (Jeremias xlix. 16) And Abdias, the Prophet, puts it with yet more poetic power: "The pride of thy heart hath lifted thee up, who dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, and settest up thy throne on high; who sayest in thy heart: 'Who shall bring me down to the ground?' Though thou be exalted as an eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

These words recall the old story that Longfellow so beautifully tells of how King Robert of Sicily, hearing one day at Vespers that verse of the *Magnificat*,

He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
And hath exalted them of low degree,

boasted that no power could remove him from his throne. But, having fallen asleep in the church, he found, to his amazement, on returning to his palace, that another king did, indeed, reign in his stead; and to him, in spite of all his protestations, he was made Court fool until his pride had all passed away, when the Angel—for it was indeed an Angel—restored him to his kingdom. Thus it is that in all times, though in diverse ways, "God resisteth the proud, but to the humble He giveth grace."

Micheas, in his prophecy of the woe that was to befall Jerusalem, says to the doomed city: "Make thee bald, and be polled for thy delicate children; enlarge thy baldness as the eagle, for they are carried into captivity from thee" (i. 16). He refers, of course, to the common custom of shaving the head in times of mourning; but, though the eagle does, as a matter of fact, become more or less bald in the moulting season, it is, nevertheless, more probable that the Prophet really points to the vulture, whose head and neck are always bare of feathers. The American eagle, which is also called the bald eagle, is not really bald at all; but gets its name from a patch of white feathers on the head and shoulders.

To Isaias, the soaring eagle is a type of the soul that mounts to Heaven on the wings of hope: "They that hope in the Lord," he says, "shall renew their strength; they shall take wings as eagles" (xl. 31). It is to the eagle just moulted that the Prophet evidently refers; and in the bird in this state, David, in the 102nd Psalm, finds a yet more beautiful illustration. The eagle, himself a patriarch, lives, like the patriarchs, to a good old age; and the sweet singer of Israel, inspired of God, and sad it may be with memories of his glorious youth now passed away for ever, sees in its moulting a fit figure of that blessing of a long life which God so often promised in the Old Law to them that did His will, and lays this sweet unction to his soul:

"Thy youth shall be renewed like the eagle's." The words are also an earnest to him, there can be no doubt, of that other future which, with no prophetic eye, Prophet as he is, but with the simple eye of faith, he sees beyond the gates of death; when, as St. Paul says, this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality.

To each of us also, in our turn, is that promise made of God: "Thy youth shall be renewed like the eagle's." A charming tradition of the days of our childhood comes to mind in illustration of the manner of the fulfilment of our hope. In Heaven, after the resurrection, as our mothers told us, there shall be no old age, but all of us shall be eternally young; that is to say, of the age at which our Divine Saviour died and at which, being risen from the dead, He still lives, where time cannot touch Him, "yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever." They who live longer than thirty-three years upon earth live, we were assured, only to make up the mystic number for those who died younger in years than our Blessed Lord; "until we all meet," as St. Paul would put it, "unto a perfect man, *unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ.*"

A new and sweet suggestion this also of the dear doctrine of the Communion of Saints, and that at the age at which our Divine Master died we should at last, after His example, begin to live for others by the sacrifice of self!

JOHN PRIESTMAN.

(To be continued.)

A Woman.

AS one might see an enchanted land
Mistily over sea and strand
Purple and gold on the sky-line,
And since he might not go would pine,
So is she, with her old joys dead,
Her rose of life all witherèd.

Nay, there is ripe gold on the wheat,
And the wind bids you welcome, sweet.
Are lilies in the garden bed,
And a lark singing overhead,
Mists of blue Summer, and aloft,
Ripe apples in the orchard croft.

She will not hear. She sees across
The world, with a sick sense of loss,
A house that none hath builded well,
A heaven wherein she shall not dwell,
A threshold that she may not pass.
Hearth-fires that none hath lit, alas

Voices of children calling her
Mother, to make her heart-strings stir
Are calling in that lonely house,
Sweet as young birds the dawn will rouse
The yellow heads against her knee
Flutter and dance untiringly.

And since one man will never come
And take her hand and lead her home
Opening the long-locked door for her,
The glory withers off the year,
Though she is patient : but to-day
Life goes for her a dusty way.

And for that music most forlorn,
Voices of children never born,
And the love words that are not hers,
Even the sweet sky choristers
Pleasure her not. Oh, let her be,
She and her dreams are company.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Louise de Lorraine.

ON April 30th, 1553, at Nomein, in a Gothic chateau on the banks of the Seine, was born the Princess Louise, daughter of Marguerite d'Egmond, the first wife of Nicolas, Duc de Mercœur and Comte de Vaudemont. At the birth of this child there was no prince in the eldest branch of the House of Lorraine. Nicolas anxiously desired a son ; therefore the little girl was received more with resignation than pleasure. She was not baptised, with the pomp due to her rank, at the Cathedral of Nancy, where her cousin, the Duc Charles de Lorraine, then ruled, but received the baptismal rite at the little chapel of Nomein : her sponsors were the Bishop of Toul and the Comtesse Louise de Salins, whose name was given to her.

The little Louise was scarcely two years old when Madame de Champy, her governess, one day came to seek her, all in tears, and bore her to the couch of her dying mother, who had never recovered the birth of Louise. Tapers were burning at the foot of the bed, whilst a kneeling priest recited the prayers for the dying. These prayers, repeated in a sad and monotonous tone by the persons around, filled the poor child's heart with terror, and she uttered loud cries. Her voice seemed to restore the dying mother to life ; the Comtesse extended her arms, and Louise forgot her fear in embracing her parent, who unfastened from her own neck a string of pearls, to which was suspended a sacred relic. "May this guard thee, my child, as it has protected me," said the dying mother, putting the necklace over the fair golden curls of Louise ; "and never, never part with it !"

Then, unable to speak more, she pressed her already cold lips to the forehead of Louise, and signed to Madame de Champy to remove her quickly, lest the child should be witness to her death.

The Comte de Vaudemont loved his wife tenderly, and for a long time could not endure the sight of the infant whose birth had caused so grievous a loss. Louise was entirely confided to her governess, whose attachment to her pupil increased in proportion to the father's neglect. The Comte soon demanded the hand of Jeanne de Savoie, sister of the Duc de Nemours. This intelligence grieved the heart of Madame de Champy. "The poor child will then have a step-mother," cried she. "Ah, Heaven have mercy on her!" And without considering the effect of her words on a girl four years old, she repeated them continually.

"What is a step-mother?" Louise asked Mdlle. de Montvert, the under-governess.

"A monster who brings ruin on families," answered she.

"Ah!" cried Louise, "a woman who beats little children?"

"Too often," replied Mdlle. de Montvert; but then repenting, she tried to weaken the effect of her words by adding that all step-mothers were not cruel—that some were very kind to their husband's children. But the impression was made; and on the marriage-day, when the Comte de Vaudemont desired Louise to embrace her second mother, the child fled away weeping, and nothing could induce her to receive the new caresses. Troubled at this estrangement, yet considering it natural, the Comtesse took the part of Louise, and opposed her being sent to a Convent, as the Comte de Vaudemont had angrily decided.

Two years passed, and still the dislike of Louise to her step-mother remained unconquered. This sentiment, first roused by the lamentations of Madame de Champy, had become invincible; and the Comtesse, despairing of winning the love of Louise, saw her no more, except at family solemnities.

At the age of seven the Princess was seized with small-pox, and was in the greatest danger. She was immediately sent to the Chateau of Nomein. Madame de Champy shut herself up with the sick child, quitted her neither night nor day, and became so distracted with grief when the physicians declared the crisis had arrived that she was borne fainting to her chamber, where she was confined for some time with fever and delirium. Mdlle. de Montvert had left the Chateau through fear at the first symptoms of the disease. Who was there to care for and watch over the poor little Princess?

The malady affected her eyes; for four days she was unable to open them; but when reason returned, she called Madame de Champy.

"Why is she not here?" said the child sobbing.

"Because she is very ill herself," said a sweet voice, "and she needs repose. But I am here to tend you as carefully as she, my dear. Do drink this; it was she who desired me to entreat you to obey me."

"Who, then, are you?" asked she.

"A new nurse, who will replace your governess until she recovers."

"Ah! you will not remain with me all night, as she did?"

"Yes, I will stay with you night and day until you are strong and well, and then we will try to amuse you. You will love me a little, then, will you not?"

"Yes, yes," answered Louise, seeking with her burning hand that of the person who spoke. "You love little children? You are not a step-mother?"

The hand which Louise held was drawn slowly away; a long silence ensued. "What is your name?" asked the sick girl.

"Jeanne," was the reply.

"Well then, Jeanne, do you know any pretty stories, such as Madame de Champy tells me, where there are handsome knights of Lorraine, and tourneys, and hermits?"

She began, and in a short time Louise slept; and this quiet slumber dispelled her fever. Two days after she was considered out of danger; but the effect of the disease on her face was dreaded. The physicians declared that she would be disfigured if she touched the spots which covered her features, and proposed to fasten her hands. The idea of being so restrained made the little invalid desperate; but her new nurse engaged to watch her so carefully as to prevent her touching her face. Louise wished to embrace her; and Jeanne feared not to take the grateful child in her arms, nor to remain day and night, her eyes fixed on the little sufferer. Invalids are often capricious and wilful. Louise, disliking the camphor odour of a lotion with which her eyes were bathed, refused to have it applied. Neither entreaties nor declarations that she would always remain blind could move her; and the physician departed, saying, "If she will not be saved from blindness, I can do no more."

"Who is weeping there?" asked Louise.

"It is I," said Jeanne. "How can I but be troubled, since you will be blind through your own fault?"

"Well, then, do not weep," answered Louise in a softened voice; "come and bathe my eyes. I will do all you wish; only do not weep."

Jeanne took the liquid and bathed the child's eyes, praising her for her docility.

"Oh," cried Louise with delirious joy, "I can see! I can see clearly!" In truth her eyelids had half opened, but the broad daylight caused them to shut quickly again.

Jeanne drew close the thick damask curtains, and in the partial obscurity the young Princess looked around.

"Jeanne!" said she, "come, that I may see you." But Jeanne hid herself behind the curtains at the foot of the bed. "Where are you, Jeanne? Ah! it is no longer night! How happy I am! You have cured me! Come, and let me thank you. Are you not happy also?"

"Yes, very happy," replied Jeanne, advancing to take the hand which Louise extended to her. But the child, struck with sudden terror, cried out, "Oh Heaven! the step-mother!" and fell back almost insensible on her pillow.

"No, no, it is your mother," said Jeanne of Savoy, bathing the wasted arms of Louise with her warm tears. "See what you make me suffer!"

The tones of her voice recalled to the child's heart the care of the tender nurse, and her fears vanished. "You do love me, then?" said she. She was answered by fond embraces.

Thus love and confidence were established between the step-mother and the child. Louise, repenting her unjust prejudice, promised affection and submission—a promise easily fulfilled, for the Comtesse became the best of mothers.

Louise de Lorraine grew up a lovely girl; and her step-mother conducted her to the Court of the Duc Charles, to be placed with the Duchesse Claude, daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis. But the Princess was called soon to deplore the loss of her beloved step-mother. The Comte married again. His third choice was Catherine de Lorraine, daughter of the Duc d'Aumale, a jealous woman, who hated Louise and her beauty. The life of the Princess was now as bitter as it had before been sweet. Each day she received fresh unkindness from her step-mother; and, to obtain a few hours' peace, she asked permission of her father to go on a weekly pilgrimage to the Shrine of San Nicolas. History tells us that she went thither dressed as a peasant girl, accompanied by her maids of honour, a gentleman and a lacquey; giving away in alms the twenty-five crowns she received as her monthly allowance.

One evening, returning much wearied, she was about to retire to rest, although it was still early. Catherine de Lorraine entered her apartment, saying ironically, "What, Mademoiselle! are you about to retire at this hour, and steal away from the admiration which awaits you always? Are you not the star of the Court of

Lorraine, and can we receive a king here without showing him the fairest thing we possess?"

"Pardon me, Madame; I don't understand," said Louise.

"What! do you not know that the young King was to pass here on his way to be crowned at Warsaw; that he is arrived, but will depart to-morrow; and that the Duc Charles wishes to give a festival to-night in his honour, and to show him all that is most worthy of notice at Court?"

"I think, Madame, that you may dispense me from this honour."

"No, no," replied the Comtesse; "your father commands you to dress yourself immediately and to follow me."

The command was obeyed. Louise retired, and soon appeared in a Court dress, simple but elegant as her own figure. The young Prince stood mute with admiration. None of the young beauties with whom Catherine de Medicis surrounded her son had given him the least idea of a creature so delightful. Henri placed himself by his sister, the Duchesse Claude, and overwhelmed her with questions about her beautiful cousin. The Duchesse answered that Louise was as good as she was lovely; citing, as a proof, her constant submission to the unkindness of her step-mother. Henri uttered some words of indignation, and treated the Comte de Vaudemont's wife with marked coldness. The King's journey was precisely fixed; and to retard it a day, or to alter a stage, was to expose it to numberless inconveniences. In spite of the representations of his attendants, Henri determined to stay one day at Nancy. "He wished," he said, "to spend a little more time with his sister; and then it was so sad to quit France, even to gain a crown!"

Hunting, feasting, and dancing occupied the second day. Never had the Prince appeared to more advantage. All lamented that a prince so agreeable should leave France to reign in Poland; and Louise felt the same. The departure of the young King left her to her accustomed sadness. The jealousy of her

step-mother, excited by the brilliant success of the Princess, invented all sorts of stratagems to ruin her in the estimation of the Comte de Vaudemont. Unjustly persecuted, Louise grew fainter and fainter, and she resolved to enter a cloister.

The death of Charles IX. called the young King of Poland to the throne of France. The whole nation rejoiced at this event; for the remembrance of the victories of Jarnac and Montcouth, gained by Henri at the age of eighteen, proved his valour; his generosity was well known; and a brave and generous king was beloved in the old France.

Louise alone was indifferent to this intelligence. What to her was the elevation of a Prince whom she had seen but once, and who doubtless had entirely forgotten her? She dared not demand protection against her enemy, for this enemy was the wife of her father. One morning, while still sleeping, the Princess Louise was roused by the opening of her door. It was the Comtesse de Vaudemont. Louise doubted not but that she came to reproach her, and excused herself for not having waited on her morning toilet. "It is I who ought to attend yours, Madame la Princesse," replied the Comtesse with deference, "and to ask pardon for not having shown you proper respect. You are Queen of France: you are promised to the King in marriage: I hasten to tell you the news. But you are good and generous. Oh, then, forget my errors, and refuse not to my children, your brothers, your august protection—for their sakes pardon their mother!"

The Princess believed herself still dreaming—surprise took away her utterance. She, the daughter of a younger branch of the House of Lorraine, to pretend to an alliance with the greatest king in Europe. It could not but be a delusion, or a stratagem to try her pride. She was about to speak, and to declare that she was not to be duped by this address, when her cousin, the Duc de Lorraine, entered with her father, to inform her of the King's demand, and to prepare her to receive the homage paid

to her by the Marquis du Guastre, in the name of his illustrious master.

Scarcely recovered from her astonishment, the Princess prepared to receive those of the Court of Lorraine whose rank permitted them to pay their congratulations. Then she was conducted to Mass as Queen of France. As she entered the chapel her eyes fell on the Comtesse de Vaudemont, who was weeping.

"Embrace me," cried Louise. "It is said that, when on a throne one forgets one's friends; as for me, I will only forget my enemies."

At these words the Comtesse fell on her knees before the young Princess; and all the people cried aloud, "Long live the Queen!"

A. C. OPIE.

A Week in a Carthusian Monastery.

MY dear——, You have so often shown an interest in the various Religious Orders existing in the Church, and expressed your desire for information on the subject of their inner life, that I fancy a simple narrative of a few days lately passed by me in a Carthusian Monastery may be of service to you, and place you in the possession of facts you could not otherwise acquire. Being somewhat fatigued by the labours of Lent and Holy Week, and unable to take a regular holiday, the idea occurred to me of combining to some extent the advantages of a spiritual Retreat and a physical rest by a visit to a Carthusian Monastery for what priests call “the inside of a week.” I accordingly made my request to the good Prior of Parkminster, and, to my great satisfaction, received a cordial invitation to become the guest of the Community for the time I proposed. The Carthusians may truly claim to live under the severest rule in existence, and can also boast of being the only Order which has never required reform, but has perfectly preserved the spirit of its first Founder. St. Bruno, whom they honour as their spiritual father, was a citizen of Cologne, and one of the clergy of that city. In course of time he went to Rheims, where he was made head of the Episcopal school or Seminary. The Archbishop seems to have been a worldly and careless man, and, finding the life of his austere and conscientious subject a perpetual reproach to his own laxity, he misused his superior power to persecute Bruno and make his life a burden. When he found his hopes of effecting good frustrated by one to whose

authority he was compelled to submit, by degrees Bruno grew weary of the unequal struggle and desirous of leading a life of greater retirement and recollection. About 1077 he went to St. Robert at Molesme, near Chatillon, where a branch of the Cistercian Order was established, and by him was advised to consult St. Hugh of Grenoble. With six companions he sought the Bishop, who recognised in their visit the fulfilment of a dream, in which he had seen seven bright stars shining in a cluster over his head. He gave him a hearty welcome, and sympathising with their desire for silence and solitude conducted the seven friends to Chartreuse, in the neighbourhood. It is an upland valley four thousand feet above the sea level; and the country is barren and wild in the extreme, enclosed by lofty and rugged rocks, on which the snow abides in nearly all seasons. In fact, it bears a singular resemblance to some of the landscapes of Albert Dürer and the Early German masters. The soil is poor and unproductive, but to Bruno it was welcome as the Garden of Eden, since the outer world was not likely to break in upon and interrupt his solitude and silence in so uninviting a place. Here, then, he built an oratory and separate cells for his companions, calling the hermitage after the name of the place, Chartreuse, a name, with the variations of Certosa and Charterhouse, applied to all the houses of the Order; and well known in the world by those even who take little interest in monastic institutions, but can appreciate the glass of liqueur which follows—and corrects—a good dinner. But Bruno was not allowed to stay long in his new foundation: Urban II., an old pupil of his, summoned him to Rome on business; nor did he ever return. He founded other Monasteries—one at La Torre, at which place he died in 1101.

Although the vocation to a life of pure contemplation is comparatively rare, yet the Order grew and spread and numbered among its more celebrated members St. Hugh of Lincoln, Cardinal d'Albergati, Denys Richart (called Denys the Carthusian), and an Englishman, Walter Hilton, well known as the

author of "The Ladder of Perfection." At the time of the Reformation under Henry VIII., there were nine houses in England, among which the celebrated Charterhouse in London will ever be remembered for the courageous manner in which its members endured the persecution of the Royal Tudor whose zeal for the pure Gospel was manifested in such energetic ways. Those who are desirous of studying this subject cannot do better than consult the impartial and accurate accounts given by Father Hendricx, of the Carthusian Order, and the greater work by Dom Gasquet. Early in the eighteenth century there were 172 houses of the Order, of which five were Nunneries. Of these seventy-five were in France. The Carthusians were expelled by the Revolutionary Government, but allowed to return on the restoration of the Monarchy. Since the invention of the celebrated liqueur they have become rich, and are permitted to remain by a Republic hostile to monastic institutions, not on account of any tender feeling for the monastic life, but for the heavy duty paid by the Order on the manufacture of the liqueur. About ten years ago the Order re-established itself in England, selecting for the site of its splendid Monastery, Parkminster, about sixteen miles from Brighton, where the Carthusians purchased a large estate on which had been built a spacious mansion now used as the guest-house. Here the Order has at present thirteen Fathers and about fifteen lay-brothers.

For this haven of rest I took my departure soon after Easter. Brighton and its gaieties were soon left behind: the stiff and shadeless streets gave way to green meadows and bowery copses, and instead of primroses at a penny a bunch, vended by hoarse-voiced lads and flower-girls, I found myself refreshed by the sight of Wordsworth's favourite flower growing in wild abundance in the sweet companionship of hyacinths, Star of Bethlehem, and drooping hart's tongue ferns. At the Partridge Green Station a waggonette awaited me, in which were

already seated two clerics, who introduced themselves as the Father Master of the London Carmelites and a young novice, who were about to pay a visit to the Monastery. After a two-mile drive through the pretty Sussex lanes we arrived at the Monastery, and being admitted by the smiling white-robed lay-brother, were shown into the parlour of the guest-house, where we were soon joined by the Procurator and the Prior—a very charming and genial man, who once held high rank in the French Army. After a little chat I was conducted to the room I was to occupy, a large apartment, simply but comfortably furnished with all necessaries. The window commanded an extensive prospect over wood and field, bounded on the south by a low range of hills forming the spur of the Downs divided in the midst by a gap on the side of which the unfinished Church of Lancing College stood conspicuous. I soon unpacked my luggage, consisting principally of books and papers, and then made a discovery which struck terror to my soul. I had left my snuff canister behind, and found myself condemned, when my nearly empty box should be exhausted, to a lengthened fast, so far as my nose was concerned. To the non-snuffer this will seem but a trifling loss, but those who know the firm hold which this habit establishes, and the stimulus to thought and mental exercise it affords, will, I trust, sympathise with me. However, relief came when least hoped for. The kind Procurator, who was assisting me in the arrangement of my impedimenta, observing me taking pinches of air from an empty box divined the reason, and leaving the room, soon reappeared with a great tin of Kendal Brown which would have supplied the needs of a Gargantua or a Napoleon; for these generous ascetics, unlike the total abstainers, do not deny to others that which they do not use themselves. We three guests met presently in the dining-room for an ample repast of tunny fish omelette, worthy of a *cordons bleu*, bread, cheese, and butter with excellent claret. And

here I may dismiss the subject of meals by saying that the rule absolutely, and under all circumstances, prohibits meat in any form; and this regulation applies to guests as well as to Religious. Soon after the great bell announced the hour of Vespers, which service we attended in the western gallery of the church, where we could hear but not see the Monks. The service, entirely unaccompanied by any instrument, was solemn, but the pace at which it was sung was very slow and long drawn out.

On our return, the Procurator met us and proposed that we should make a tour of all the objects of interest in the building, to which we gladly assented. The Monastery is an immense structure, and would contain quite fourfold its present number of occupants. There are two large quadrangles, each with cloister round, and the church stands in the centre, the lofty spire of which forms a landmark visible far off. Each Father occupies a separate cell, or rather house, opening from the greater cloister, and to one of these we were now conducted. A door, by the side of which was a small window with moveable shutter, through which the meal of dinner or collation is given, led us into a corridor. On one side is a garden belonging to each cell, which the Monks are allowed to cultivate at their pleasure, and where they can take recreation. Beyond was a large workshop furnished with a lathe and carpenter's bench. A staircase leads to the two rooms on the first floor. The first is called the *Ave Maria*, and is bare of furniture save a *prie-dieu* and statuette of the Madonna and Child. Its name is derived from the custom of saying a *Hail Mary* on returning to the cell from any occupation. Originally, we were told, this room was devoted to culinary operations, each Father receiving his rations and preparing them as his fancy directed. But the spirit of asceticism is not that of a Soyer. Many of the Religious, dreamy and abstracted, were more accustomed to make meditations than omelettes, and in frying fish occasionally set the room ablaze. As it was found that their preparation of dinner was as

disastrous and costly as the first attempts of the Chinese, at roast pig, a conventual cook was established, whose duty it was literally to "serve tables" and leave the good Fathers free for higher duties. The inner room is the cell proper or living room, containing a table, a standing reading and writing desk, a cupboard and bookcase, and two chairs. The bedstead is in an alcove shrouded by curtains, with a mattress and pillow of straw quite as soft as some made of wool. At the foot stands a *prie-dieu* with carved seat or *Miserere* facing it, and a good iron stove to burn wood completes the fittings of the cell. All the furniture was of deal, solid and in good taste; and here, as throughout the rest of the Monastery, scrupulous cleanliness and perfect order were to be seen. Two or three plaster statuettes and a glass with a few early spring flowers gave evidence of individual taste and an appreciation of the beauties of nature and art. We were next taken to see the simple but handsome chapel of the lay-brothers. The floor is *parquet* in woods of rich colours; the walls have the Stations of the Cross sculptured; the altar is chaste and stately, and high up above it is a deep semi-circular recess in which stands a tinted statue of Our Lady of Victories. Above it in a dome, though out of sight, is a window glazed in yellow glass, so that the Virgin appears to dwell in a halo of golden glory, the effect of which is ethereally beautiful. During my stay I rarely passed this chapel without finding one or more of the lay brothers engaged in silent prayer. Close by, but on an upper floor, is the library, a noble room with the usual *parquet* floor and a lofty roof of carved and moulded pitch pine. On all sides extend tiers upon tiers of volumes, mostly in handsome bindings so that the air was redolent of the scholarly perfumes of Russia and Morocco. A gallery runs round in which are kept the smaller volumes, access to which is gained by a light staircase.

The library contains some 13,000 or 14,000 books and MSS., and includes every branch of theology, ancient and modern,

history, biography, and travels. The Fathers can come here twice a week and have half-an-hour allowed in which to select the works they desire to study in their cells. Our next visit was to one of the chief glories of the place, and, to a Catholic, of deepest interest—the chapel of relics. It was fitted with the costly simplicity which distinguishes the whole Monastery. Behind the altar extends a handsome glass case with doors, in which the treasures are kept, and in every instance the reliquaries were of the best material. Now though, of course, I cannot expect you, as a Protestant, to take the same interest in relics as a Catholic would do, you will, I am sure, recognise the desire to possess something connected with those we hold in love and veneration as natural to the human heart. It is not confined to any age or nation, and is found existing in men of the most opposite opinions. The admirers of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, or John Bunyan, esteem as a valuable treasure any article which once has belonged to their favourites, and therefore cannot afford to twit Catholics for the veneration they pay to those authenticated relics which have the seal of the testimony of the Church attaching to them. And though, of course, mistakes and pious frauds have occurred, yet in the case of the greater part the balance of proof is far stronger than Protestants are inclined to believe. First in interest and value I must mention a relic of the true Cross, of unusual size, presented by St. Louis to the Carthusians of Paris. It is about three inches high, two across, and about one-eighth of an inch in breadth. The colour is that of dark old oak, and perfectly corresponds to that of similar relics which I have seen elsewhere. Next was a small piece taken from the table on which was celebrated the Last Supper, which resembled cedar or dark olive wood in tint. A large glass case contained relics of the Early Christian Martyrs, many being taken from their tombs in the Catacombs. They include one of the boy-Saint, Pancratius or Pancras, well known to the readers of Cardinal

Wiseman's tale, "Fabiola." Near this was a singular calendar wrought in gold filigree work, each day having some relic of the Saint to whose honour it was dedicated. But two relics of singular interest and charm pleased me, perhaps, more than all others. One was the stole and maniple used at Mass by St. Hugh of Lincoln, who died in the twelfth century, which I was allowed to handle and examine. They were narrower than those now used, made of thick, coarse linen of a quality resembling towelling, quite plain, without embroidery, but with a fringe made of the material frayed out and twisted. The other was an embroidered pall, made by St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and given by her to St. Francis of Sales. The embroidery was very simple, consisting of sprigs or flowers in the centre and corners. The material was fine cambric edged with a narrow lace. It was lined and stiffened inside with a piece of red silk. Time would fail me to describe a tithe of the treasures in this wonderful room, the sight of which was enough to transport one in thought to times and scenes of the past, and bring forcibly before one the eternity and continuity of that Church of which the Protestant Macaulay wrote in such glowing and eloquent terms. We were next conducted to the Chapter-room. This is arranged chapel-wise, with an altar at the upper end and stalls for the Religious on either side. Over the altar and above the entrance door are frescoes depicting the sufferings of the English Fathers of the Charterhouse under Henry VIII. They are the work of a French artist who studied the subject for months, consulting contemporary works and pictures, and took the greatest pains to attain to historical accuracy. His labours have been crowned with success, for the pictures are beautiful as works of art, and remarkable for the delicate treatment of a most revolting and painful theme. I do not wish to dwell on a dark page of religious history—as both sides must honestly confess it to be—but we can all unite in a feeling of thankfulness that those rough and cruel days are passed

and gone, the fires of Smithfield extinguished, and the hand of the Tyburn executioner stayed.

We next visited the little chapels in which the Fathers say private Masses in pairs, each in turn "serving" the other. Though small they are beautifully arranged, each possessing its press for the sets of vestments (which are of good though simple material) and all the other requirements of a well-appointed sacristy. There now only remained the great church to be visited. This is a noble building, in which magnificence is combined with the severe and grave simplicity characteristic of the Order. It is built in French Romanesque style. The windows consist of two round headed lights, with a wheel or quatre-foil above, and are filled with stained glass in ornamental patterns. The church is divided, like most chapels in Oxford or Cambridge, into choir and ante-choir, in which latter the lay-brothers attend on certain days. There is a stone screen with rood above and a pair of beautiful oaken gates in the centre. Against the screen are two altars, dedicated to St. John Baptist and St. Bruno, and the reredoses consist of appropriate pictures of these Saints and others. The choir has carved oaken stalls for the Fathers, and in the midst stands a great lectern at which the Epistle at Mass is chanted, as well as some parts of the Divine Office. At the entrance of the sanctuary stand four gigantic candlesticks, which are only lighted up on high festivals. The sanctuary itself terminates in an aspe, the walls being adorned with bas-reliefs carved in oak; and the centre compartment bears a great picture of St. Bruno, in glory, blessing his spiritual children, and gazing down upon a plan of some Monastery which two Angels bear extended. The High Altar is of purest statuary marble, with mosaic panels in gold frames, and the Tabernacle is surmounted by a gilded dome with a crucifix above. There is no artificial lighting, as gas is nowhere to be found in the Monastery. When the Religious say Matins at midnight, each Father brings his own

lantern which he places beside him; so that the effect of the white-robed brethren in their dark oak stalls, illumined by the faint rays of their lamps, must be of a kind to gladden the artistic eye of a Rembrandt. We had now completed the inspection of the show-places and returned to the guest-house through the corridor of the great cloister. I have seen many a quadrangle in Oxford and Cambridge, but none of such vast size as this is to be found in those homes of learning. Its length is so great that a white-robed figure seen in the distance seemed as small as a doll; nor is this surprising when you are told that the cloister covers four acres of ground. The large round-headed windows are glazed in geometrical patterns of grey, green, and white glass, which has a very cool and pleasing effect. On the way back our kind guide opened a gate which gave us a view of the cemetery. It is a simple enclosure in the great square having a lofty cross in the centre. The Carthusians use no coffins, but are buried in the habit with the cowl or *capuce* drawn over the face. Five plain oaken crosses without date mark the place where five Brothers have been laid in peace. Having now heard all about the more important parts of the Monastery you will, I dare say, want to know some details of my Retreat.

The Prior, knowing that I had come as much for rest and quiet as for spiritual exercises, advised me to modify the suggestions of the *horarium* to my own convenience, so as not to weary myself. "Though we observe rule ourselves," he remarked, "we do not dictate to others; so keep your heart free, and do only what you feel you can do pleasantly and without fatigue." Accordingly, I rose early, and after spiritual exercises said Mass at 6.15 in the Strangers' Chapel, which adjoined my room. It is a large apartment, furnished with two altars, two presses for vestments, and every necessary convenience. I was served by a young Irish lay-brother, who, like all others I saw, was a model of gentleness and courtesy, though, of course,

we both observed the strictest silence unless some absolutely necessary question had to be asked. At seven o'clock I went to the church to hear the Conventual High Mass, which is sung daily at that hour. Mass is said or sung exactly in the fashion in use eight hundred years ago, in the days of St. Bruno; for the Carthusians keep to their own rite both here and in the Divine Office. As I know that you have often been present at an ordinary High Mass, both in England and abroad, you will, I hope, be able to follow and understand the following details. The celebrant vests at the altar as does a Bishop at his private Mass. When vested he stands alone at the Epistle side, while the choir recite an abbreviated Litany of the Saints. Towards the end he retires *in plano* looking towards the Gospel corner and says the *Confiteor*. When the choir has responded he goes to the middle and commences in the ordinary way ascending the steps as the Introit begins. The Epistle is sung by the Religious who acts as sub-deacon, clad in his white habit, and standing at the lectern, after which he retires to his stall and has nothing further to do. The deacon, also in his habit, then comes forward, and taking from a recess a long stole of the colour of the day, holds it up to be blessed by the celebrant, who is at that moment seated; after which he places it on his left shoulder, and casts one end over his arm by way of maniple. He then sings the Gospel at a lectern on the proper side of the sanctuary, taking the book to be kissed by the celebrant at the altar. Having helped with the oblations he retires to his stall, first making a profound inclination to the altar, for the Carthusians never genuflect. When the celebrant begins the Canon he extends his arms in the form of a cross and keeps them so save for the necessary actions. About the time of the consecration the deacon emerges once again from his stall and lights a candle, which he holds in one hand as he raises the chasuble. As no small bells are allowed, he gives the signal for kneeling by a sharp stamp with his foot, producing the same

sound as rabbits do when at play, and at the elevation of the Host the great bell is rung thrice. Having received the kiss of peace from the celebrant he produces a silver plate, on which is engraved the *Agnus Dei*, and having kissed it takes it to the Religious to salute and pass from hand to hand. The Mass then proceeds as usual, save that there is no blessing and no last Gospel, which, indeed, only dates from the Council of Trent. This, then, is the Carthusian High Mass which never varies, and the effect of the grave but not untuneful plain chant, sung by a body of male voices, is very solemn and impressive. After Mass came breakfast—I mean my own—for the Carthusians never break their fast from collation overnight to dinner. After I had discussed my simple meal of bread and butter and tea, I used to take a stroll in the guests' garden—a large walled enclosure with a fine lawn and borders of such spring plants as primroses, wallflowers, pansies, and polyanthus. Espalier fruit trees are all around, and carefully trained ivy adorns the walls. In the centre is a clump of standard roses, and finding among them the labels of *Souvenir de Malmaison*, *Jeanne Hopper*, *Gloire de Dijon*, and *Géant des Batailles*, I concluded that the good Monks were "up to date" in their gardening. All was exquisitely neat and orderly, and speaks of the loving attention of those who are not mere paid hirelings, but caretakers of that which is common property. After my little recreation my morning was spent in my room in various spiritual exercises. Dinner was at twelve o'clock, before which I went to the church—no short walk—to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. At a quarter to two I attended Vespers of the Community and said my office.

The afternoon passed in solitude, broken, however, by a visit from the cordial Prior, and a pleasant chat on many subjects, religious and secular. Another visit to the Blessed Sacrament came before supper, which was at six o'clock; and then, after a brisk walk in the garden for a few minutes, I withdrew to my room for the night. Early rising needs early retiring, and accordingly

about half-past eight found me very ready for the hard mattress and pillow which formed my bed, and on which, tired with the mental labour of the day, I slept as comfortably as though reclining on down and feathers. It is perhaps difficult to make you understand the charm this Retreat had for me. In the first place, the change to solitude and silence was complete. On a mission the day is continually interrupted: there are frequent callers, for whom the book or writing must be laid aside. In Brighton, as in most watering-places, there are hosts of beggars, lineal descendants of Ananias and Saphira, who practise mendacity as one of the fine arts. There is the governess who has come down for the day, and has had her pocket picked, so that she is in fear of losing her excellent situation in London unless you pay her fare, which she will repay *without fail* by return of post. Then the tramp, who has walked thirty miles without breaking his fast, but smells horribly of beer; who never loses an opportunity of hearing Mass, and speaks with enthusiasm of good Father So-and-so: "Ah, he *was* a gentleman; so free and open-handed like!" though his name is not to be found in the directory. Again: the young man who has heard of a place, but is in want of a decent coat in which to apply for it. Then come calls from genuine poor people and others also in the mission, who must be heard with attention and answered discreetly. The housekeeper next appears, wanting to know what dinner is to consist of, and declining to receive as an answer "Anything," although there seem valid objections to every suggestion. Then there are visits to be paid, defaulters looked up, the sick attended to, and the school inspected. In the afternoon the better class have to be visited and letters written. Add to this the services of the church and the recitation of Divine Office, and you have a day, useful we will hope, but much broken into fragments, having very little time for quiet thought and reflection. In a mission, again, you live in a house which has its neighbours on each side and opposite.

You get to hate the dull outlook, consisting of fronts or backs of houses of distressing regularity. If you go to the front for a change you are plunged into the distractions of Vanity Fair, and give an opportunity to the scandal-loving to remark that they *never* go there without meeting that idle priest. If you confine your walk to the streets you soon weary of them, and are sure to meet someone you do not care to see. But how different here! The day passes in silence, so that you have no temptation to faults of the tongue. Four walls meet your gaze, so that "custody of the eyes" becomes easy. Perfect peace reigns around, broken occasionally by the deep sound of the church bell. If you meet anyone in the corridors, an inclination of the head and removal of the capuce is all the salutation needed—no inane chatter about politics, the weather, or ecclesiastical tittle tattle. You are "your own man," a free man, and yet with the pleasant sense of being under rule, for even exercitants have some simple regulation to observe. Under these circumstances how well one can *think*: a train of thought arrives at its proper destination, and is not shunted to allow some impertinent intruder to rattle by. Your memory revives because it is not disturbed or interrupted, and a hundred little incidents come back freshly which have been buried under a heap of irrelevant trash. Then, again, you are living in the most conservative of all the Church's Orders, and can say to yourself, "Thus lived, thus sang, thus prayed, thus ate and drank Carthusians eight hundred years ago." The world has changed its fashions and its garments times innumerable, but these good Religious let it roll on and take no heed. They have seen Kingdom, Revolution, Republic, Empire, and Limited Monarchy, and under all have remained the same. Other Orders have from time to time lost somewhat of their first fervour and needed reform; but were St. Bruno or St. Hugh to rise from the dead and hold a Visitation, they would give their children of Parkminster the kiss of peace and recognise them as loyal and faithful sons.

So the day passes sweetly and swiftly with its alternation of prayer, and study, and quiet thought. I lay down my pen and rise from the table, where I have been busy jotting down thoughts and memoranda, and look around me. What do I see? A room plainly and simply furnished, with all conveniences; here, as everywhere in the Monastery, nothing sordid or bearing the stamp of mean poverty, but nothing superfluous. It is cold, and the good Prior has insisted on my being comfortable, and so a bright fire burns in the grate by which lies a grave but friendly black cat, who occasionally comes to act as guest master, but behaves himself with religious decorum. The howling of the wind draws me to the window. What a prospect! Worth Brighton magnified a thousand times. Down in the garden below a lay-brother is at work with his habit tucked up; he is engaged in eradicating weeds, and roots them up with as much earnestness as though they were bad habits inimical to religion. On the lawn strut and hop about two or three blackbirds who know they are in a haven of safety; every now and then they pounce on a fine fat worm, who slowly yields to the force of persuasion. Beyond the garden lies the home field, bathed in sunshine, with the brisk wind ruffling the long grass as though it were water. Here, again, I see three or four lay-brothers hard at work, digging, planting, weeding—all silent, all industrious. Farther still stands a bare copse or plantation, the leaves scarcely yet showing, but all being of a rich golden brown. This is the home of sundry wood-pigeons, whose cooing makes the air melodious, and is visited sometimes by a sly cuckoo, who at an early hour is heard though not seen. Then comes a purple haze across which sundry trails of steam show the presence of the railway and remind me of the outside world. Last of all rises the range of grey hills, undulating gently and displaying magical alternations of light and shade as sun or cloud prevail. How calm, how peaceful, how sweet it all is, with nothing to disturb the charm of Nature or shut out her message to the soul: for, as

pure water refreshes and invigorates the body, so does a tender landscape the heart. "The world is too much with us." We waste all that is best of us upon trifles that change, and pass, and leave no lasting impression behind. We chase shadows and pursue phantoms which bring no peace, give no satisfaction ; and then, too late, weary and faint, we complain that the world is empty and void, our lives dull and dreary, and that after our labour we have taken nothing.

It was with a heart full of gratitude that I left the Monastery like a giant refreshed. It was with sincere feelings of respect and admiration that I bid farewell to my courteous entertainers, so severe to themselves, so generous and considerate to their guests. Surely, independent of spiritual exercises, one may say, "It is good to be here." Contact with men who have left the world and its attractions to live nearer to God, whose aim is contemplation of the Divine Nature and its attributes, whose desire is after personal perfection combined with the charitable office of praying for an unprayerful world, cannot but effect good. Virtue goes forth from such men unconsciously ; and to live awhile in their atmosphere of peace, and silence, and prayer, is one way, we may hope, to acquire that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. And so good-bye, dear little room ; good-bye, sweet landscape ; good-bye, holy walls ; fit dwelling for the successors of Saints and Martyrs. *Sit anima mea vobiscum.*

BERNARD.

Le Mans and its History.

AMONG the historical cities of France there are few which offers such striking points of interest to the English traveller as Le Mans. The ancient capital of Maine is, perhaps, less familiar to our countrymen than are some of the neighbouring towns ; lying just beyond the border of Normandy and Brittany it seems hardly to share the popularity enjoyed by those classical districts of France. Notwithstanding this, the old city possesses a history both stirring in itself and intimately bound up with the annals of our own land.

The ancient county of Maine, of which before the Great Revolution Le Mans was the chief town, had for its northern neighbour the duchy of Normandy, on the west the county of Bretagne ; its southern frontier reached as far as Anjou and the Touraine, and it was bounded by the Orléanais on the east. This extensive tract of country, nearly equal to Cornwall and Devonshire combined, is now divided into two departments, the Sarthe and the Mayenne : of the former of these Le Mans is the capital, while the latter has for its chief town Laval. Le Mans, at present a thriving place of some thirty thousand inhabitants, occupies a gentle slope above the Sarthe at but a short distance from its confluence with the Huisne. The former river rises near Mortagne in the former county of Perche, and after flowing through the department to which it gives its name is ultimately joined by the Mayenne, and their united stream falls into the Loire a few miles above Angers. The Huisne, a pretty but unimportant rivulet, has its source likewise in La Perche, and

after a very winding course empties its waters into the Sarthe, about half-a-mile from Le Mans.

The origin of Le Mans, as of so many ancient cities, is lost in the distance of ages. According to the generally received opinion, it was the metropolis of the Cenomani, a Celtic tribe who seem to have occupied this part of Gaul at a very early period. However this may be it is certain that it was an important post during the Roman domination, and from the latter days of the Empire its history can be authentically traced. Since this time its classical designation has always been *Cenomanum*, from which we get by gradual development the modern name of Mans or Le Mans, while by a similar process the surrounding territory, or *Cenomanorum Ager*, became the province of Maine.

As we advance further into the Christian Era the history of Le Mans becomes more clear. On the dissolution of the Western Empire the northern provinces of Gaul fell a prey to the Franks, who first as allies, later as open enemies, swarmed across the Rhine, and under various warlike leaders wrested city after city from the enfeebled armies of Rome. Early in the sixth century we find Le Mans in the possession of a petty ruler named Rignomer, who in 510 was put to death by his kinsman Clovis, and his territory added to the dominions of the already powerful Frankish chief. After the death of Clovis in the following year his conquests were divided among his four sons, and in this partition the district of Maine fell to the share of Clodomir, the King of Orleans. By the gradual encroachment of Clotaire, the Sovereign of Soissons, on the possessions of his brothers, the dominion of Clovis was again united; but on the death of Clotaire, a few years later, a second dismemberment took place. From this division resulted the long rival states of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy, of which the two last were not long afterwards brought under one head in the person of Clotaire II. (614). From this time Le Mans formed part of the combined

kingdom of Neustria and Burgundy, under the nominal sway of successive *Rois fainéants* and the real government of "Mayors of the Palace," till the accession of the Carlovingian race again united the Frankish monarchy, and the city of the Cenomani became merged in the vast dominions of Charlemagne.

The imposing unity of Charlemagne's empire was, however, of short duration ; the weakness of his immediate successors and the ceaseless quarrels between his descendants paved the way for the triumph of the feudal system and the virtual dismemberment of the French Monarchy. Another cause of this rapid decline of the Royal authority was the repeated invasions of the "Normans" or Danes, who first made their appearance on the coasts of France in the lifetime of Charlemagne himself. Profiting by the imbecility of the succeeding monarchs these terrible enemies made renewed incursions into the heart of France and penetrated more than once to the very walls of Paris. In one of these expeditions the barbarians overran the district of Maine and laid siege to the city of Le Mans, which they took and pillaged. In order to provide a check to the formidable foes, Charles the Bald called to his assistance the renowned warrior, Robert le Fort, the remote founder of the Carlovingian dynasty, and bestowed upon him, with the title of Duke of France, the lordship of all the country between the Seine and the Loire. Robert fought bravely and successfully on more than one occasion against the Normans, but fell at last in the Battle of Brissarthe, not far from the frontiers of Maine (866). He was succeeded in this important fief by his warlike sons, Eudes and Robert, who each in turn mounted the throne of France ; and by his no less distinguished grandson, who is known in history as Hugh the Great. About this time we meet with the name of "Roger, Count of Maine," who occupied Le Mans in the year 894 as lieutenant of the King, Charles the Simple, but was not long afterwards driven out by Robert, a rival competitor with Charles for the French throne. It was not, however,

till the second half of the tenth century that the county of Maine became established as a sovereign and hereditary fief, and the annals of its successive rulers include some of the most stirring pages in the history of Le Mans.

The death in 1060 of Count Herbert II. was the opening scene of a long and obstinate contest between the House of Anjou, who claimed the superior lordship of Maine, and their formidable neighbours, the Norman Kings of England. William, familiarly known to posterity as the Conqueror, demanded the succession of Maine in virtue of the will of the late Count, who had been much indebted to the Norman duke for assistance against his enemy Geoffrey, surnamed Martel, the warlike Sovereign of Anjou. William's first enterprise was successful; in 1063 he gained possession of Le Mans, in which he placed a Norman garrison. About twelve years later a general rising took place, stirred up by Fulk "le Réchin," the brother and successor of Geoffrey; the citizens of Le Mans drove the Norman garrison from the town and paid homage to the Count of Anjou. William's first act was to raise an army of some fifty thousand native English, with which he speedily subdued the rebellion, and to secure his authority over the inhabitants he built a strong castle at Le Mans (1072). As a condition of their submission it was agreed that the county of Maine should be held by Robert the Conqueror's eldest son, who in his boyhood had been betrothed to a sister of the late Count Herbert. When Robert, however, claimed the fulfilment of this engagement, William is reported to have exclaimed, angrily, "that he was not accustomed to put off his clothes before he went to bed." Robert, deeply offended, at once left the Court and opened a bitter war upon his father, which was not terminated till the Conqueror's death (1087). By his last testament, however, William repaired this injustice by declaring his eldest son his successor in Normandy and Maine, while England fell to the share of the second brother, William.

Immediately after his father's death Robert repaired to Rouen, and received the homage of the Norman barons, but his succession to the county of Maine was not equally unchallenged. The Manceaux, who endured with impatience the yoke of the Conqueror, had offered the government to Hugh, a son of Azo of Liguria and nephew of the late Count Herbert, who at once took steps to assert his claim. However, with the assistance of his brother William, Robert succeeded in overcoming his rival, and he continued to govern his dominions till the proclamation of the first Crusade, when the Norman Duke was one of the first to take the Cross. But to carry out this design money was wanting, and Robert was driven to pledge the government of his states for five years to the King of England for the sum of ten thousand marks (1096). Rufus lost no time in claiming his new dominions; in Normandy he was received without opposition, but he met with a determined resistance from the people of Maine. Hugh of Liguria, the unsuccessful competitor with Duke Robert, had transferred his claims to his nephew, H  lie de la Fl  che, who enjoyed the support of the Count of Anjou, as superior lord, and the citizens of Le Mans unanimously rose in his favour. Having incautiously allowed himself to be surprised in a forest with only a handful of men, H  lie was taken prisoner by the English King, and regained his freedom only by the surrender of his rights. He then offered to fight under the standard of William, who rejected the offer, but restored the French Count to liberty without conditions, telling him contemptuously, "to go and do his worst." H  lie took the English Monarch at his word; on the first opportunity he entered Le Mans, with the active concurrence of the inhabitants, and besieged the Norman garrison in the Castle. On the receipt of this news Rufus was hunting in the New Forest; not losing a moment, he hurried to the coast, where he embarked, and encouraged the sailors, who shrank from the stormy condition of the sea, with the intrepid words: "Fear not, fellows, kings are never drowned!" At the approach of the

English King, H  lie had barely time to save himself by flight ; and William, having pacified the country, returned to England. His sudden death, which happened soon afterwards, afforded a chance not to be neglected ; and H  lie again made himself master of Le Mans (1100). At this time Duke Robert was on his return from the Holy Land, and his brother Henry was too much engrossed in securing the crown of England to concern himself with the affairs of Maine. H  lie, therefore, was left in undisturbed possession of the county ; and we find him not long afterwards bearing aid to the King of England against the unhappy Robert, who lost the duchy of Normandy, together with his claims to the county of Maine, in the decisive Battle of Teuchebroy (1105). Count H  lie spent the few remaining years of his life peacefully at Le Mans, where he died in 1110, and was buried in the church of the Abbey of La Couture.

H  lie left an only child, Sibylla, the wife of Fulk V., Count of Anjou, who at the death of his father-in-law laid claim to the county of Maine. Henry I. of England also claimed the reversion of the county as its superior lord, and for years a desultory war was carried on between the parties ; an agreement was at length effected, in virtue of which the fief was confirmed to Fulk as vassal of the English King (1115). The reconciliation, however, was far from sincere ; the Count of Anjou was always ready to take advantage of the necessities of his rival, and made use of William Clito, the only son of Henry's unhappy brother, Robert, as an instrument of annoyance. Fulk went so far as to promise his daughter in marriage to the young Prince, with the county of Maine as her dower, but was turned from this alliance by the superior policy of Henry, who, on his side, offered the hand of his only daughter, Matilda, to Geoffrey, the eldest son of the Count. The marriage was celebrated at Le Mans in 1129 ; and soon afterwards Geoffrey, on the departure of his father to the Holy Land, became the virtual Sovereign of

Anjou and Maine. This union is an event of the first importance in the history of England, for from it sprang the mighty race of Plantagenet kings ; on March 5th, 1133, was born in the Castle of Le Mans a prince who twenty-one years later mounted the English throne as Henry II. Henry's youth was spent in alternate hopes and fears for the possession of the crown of England, which his mother, Matilda, was gallantly contesting with Stephen ; the struggle at length terminated in an arrangement by which the succession of Henry after the death of his rival was acknowledged. In 1151 his father, Geoffrey, died at Château sur Loir, and was buried in the Cathedral of Le Mans, while three years later, on the demise of King Stephen, Henry ascended the throne of England. During the long and eventful reign of Henry II. Le Mans remained in undisturbed possession of the English Monarch, who preserved a warm affection for the place of his birth, and more than once made Le Mans the residence of his Court. The peace of the city was not broken till within a few months of Henry's death. In one of the unhappy quarrels with his rebellious son, Richard, the latter, aided by the King of France, stormed and took Le Mans, which was retained by the allies as a pledge for the fulfilment of the treaty of peace. Henry did not long survive this disgrace ; worn out by grief and disappointment, he was seized with a fever and died in a few days at the Castle of Chinon, in the Touraine (July 6th, 1189).

The reign of the "Lion-hearted King" is associated with Le Mans by the residence there of his virtuous and amiable consort, Berengaria, whose memory is intimately bound up with the ancient city. Richard is said to have first seen and admired Berengaria at the Court of her father, Sancho, the wise King of Navarre ; soon after his accession to the English throne he again met his future wife at Messina, on his way to join the third Crusade, and the Royal couple were united not long afterwards at Limasol, in the island of Cyprus. Berengaria accompanied her husband to the Holy Land, and shared many of his fatigues and

privations; but during Richard's fierce contests with the Saracens his Queen remained in safety in the camp at Acre, and when peace was concluded, in company with the ladies of her Court she returned to France. Richard, as is well known, took another route, and, disguised as a pilgrim, fell into the power of the Emperor Henry VI., who kept him a prisoner in Germany for several years. Berengaria in the meantime was residing on her husband's territory of Poitou, where she patiently awaited his return from exile, and she bore him loving company during the last years of his life. Richard, although a fickle and neglectful consort, did not forget his faithful Queen in death; he assigned as her dower lands both in England and Aquitaine, and the French King ceded to her the government of the county of Maine for her life. The widowed Queen passed the remainder of her days at Le Mans, devoting herself to the care of her new subjects and occupying her time in deeds of charity and devotion. Her great work was the foundation of the stately Abbey of l'Epau, about two miles from Le Mans, which she bestowed upon the Order of Citeaux. A quaint legend connected with this princely foundation has been preserved. The Community of l'Epau complained of a certain mill on Berengaria's domains as an annoyance and distraction during the midnight Office. It was suggested to the Queen that if the Monks were owners of the mill the complaint would probably cease; the hint was taken, and the mill became the property of the Abbey.

Berengaria retired to l'Epau some years before her death, which overtook her at an advanced age; she was buried within the Abbey precincts, and a handsome monument erected in her memory. During the French Revolution the Abbey was sold by auction and converted to profane uses, while the tomb of the Royal Foundress narrowly escaped destruction. Shortly after the restoration of peace an English traveller visited l'Epau and found the sacred spot in a melancholy state of neglect; the fine church

had been turned into a barn, and the mutilated effigy of the Queen was discovered under a pile of rubbish. Among the ruins was found a tablet bearing the following inscription : "The tomb of the most serene Berengaria, Queen of England, the noble Founder of this Monastery, was restored and removed to this more sacred place. In it were deposited the bones which were found in the ancient sepulchre on the 27th of May, in the year of Our Lord 1672." To save this venerable monument from complete destruction it was soon afterwards removed to the Cathedral of Le Mans, where it may still be seen. An ancient and picturesque building in the High Street of Le Mans is pointed out by tradition as "Berengaria's house." Whatever may be the age of the actual structure, which seems to belong to a later century, it serves at least to keep from oblivion the memory of this pious Queen.

While Berengaria was living in dignified seclusion at Le Mans, her unworthy brother-in-law, King John, was being deprived with ignominy of the greater part of his ancestral patrimony in France. On the death of Richard in 1199 the succession of his brother was acknowledged in Normandy and Aquitaine; but in Anjou and its dependent fiefs the barons gave their allegiance to Arthur, the only son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the third son of King Henry II. Arthur was at first recognised by Philip Augustus as Duke of Bretagne and Count of Anjou and Maine; but the French King, not long afterwards coming to terms with John, invested the latter with all the dominions which had been held by his late brother, Richard, and Arthur agreed to pay his uncle homage for the duchy of Bretagne. This arrangement, however, was of short duration; Philip, espousing the cause of the Count of La Marche, whose wife had been carried off by John, reinvested Arthur with the counties of Maine and Anjou, and betrothed the young Prince to his infant daughter, Mary. But Arthur's prosperity was very brief; he was actively besieging the Castle of Mirebeau in Poitou when John

hurried to the relief of the fortress, and the Duke with most of his followers fell into the hands of the English King. On refusing to resign his hereditary rights, Arthur was imprisoned in the Castle of Rouen, and soon afterwards Europe was shocked by the announcement of his death; it was, in fact, currently believed that the unhappy youth had perished at the hands of his own uncle. The feelings of Arthur's subjects were deeply outraged by this crime, and Philip dexterously turned the occasion to his own advantage. John was summoned to answer the terrible charge before his suzerain and the peers of France; on his refusal to appear he was judged a traitor and a rebel, and his dominions were declared forfeited to the French Crown. Philip was not slow in executing this award; he overran Normandy and the neighbouring countries, and before the close of the year 1205 John had been driven from all his Continental dominions with the sole exception of the duchy of Guienne. Thus did the county of Maine revert to the Crown of France more than two hundred years after its cession by Hugh Capet.

Yet once again for a brief interval were the streets of Le Mans occupied by an English soldiery. In the long and desultory war which followed the death of Henry V., the county of Maine was several times overrun by English troops, under their enterprising leaders, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, and the capital was held by our countrymen for about twenty years (1425—1448). At length, in virtue of the marriage treaty between the young King, Henry VI., and Margaret of Anjou, the county of Maine was restored to France, or rather to its feudal sovereign, Charles of Anjou, uncle of the new Queen. The surrender of Maine was speedily followed by the loss of Normandy and Guienne, and in August, 1451, nothing remained of the vast Continental possessions of the English kings but the town and territory of Calais.

Although as we have seen, the county of Maine was wrested by Philip Augustus from our unworthy Monarch, John, yet it

was twice after this period separated from the Crown of France. It was first bestowed in 1246 by St. Louis on his youngest brother, Charles, King of Sicily, ancestor in the female line of the Count Philippe de Valois, whose accession in 1328 to the French throne necessarily entailed the reunion of his feudal dominions with the crown. Again in 1346, Louis, second son of the unfortunate John, King of France, was invested by his father with the counties of Anjou and Maine; he was succeeded by his son, Louis II., who died at Angers in 1417. The last named Prince made a partition of his estates, leaving Maine to Charles, the youngest of his three sons; at the death of whose son, also called Charles, in 1481, without issue, the county of Maine finally reverted to the French crown.*

In the winter of 1793 Le Mans was the scene of very memorable events. The army of La Vendée, which barely two months before had crossed the Loire in comparative hope and spirit, was now, after a score of sanguinary contests with the Republicans, fighting its way back in despair to its beloved *bocage*. Finding themselves hemmed in between the closely guarded river and the Republican troops, which were ever in hot pursuit, the Royalists made a supreme effort to rally at Le Mans, which they occupied on December 10th, 1793. The whole of the next day was passed by the Vendéans in recruiting their exhausted strength; worn out by weeks of misery, the weary multitude gave themselves up, without restraint, to the luxury of repose. In vain did the officers call attention to the necessities of their position; sunk in apathy, or rendered helpless by indulgence, the exiles seemed to have lost all their ancient spirit. On the morning of the 12th they were rudely awakened from their dream by the report that the "Blues,"

* Although it was never after this time an independent fief, yet the titular dignity of "Comte du Maine" was borne by Henri de Valois, afterwards King Henry III., and also by his brother, François Duc d'Alençon; while in later times Louis de Bourbon, a natural son of King Louis XIV., enjoyed the title of "Duc du Maine."

under Kleber and Westermann, were close under the walls. Sallying out with what men he could collect, Henri de la Rochejaquelein made a gallant attempt to drive back the Republicans, till overwhelmed by superior numbers he was forced to retreat into the town. Here a terrible scene of carnage ensued ; the contending parties fought desperately through the streets, contesting every inch of ground, and almost every house became a fortress. The struggle continued all through the night ; at length the Royalists were completely routed, and by early dawn on the 13th were flying in a helpless crowd along the great road leading to the west. A frightful massacre now began ; the retreating Vendéans were cut down without the possibility of defence or escape, and the pursuit was carried with cold-blooded ferocity almost to the gates of Laval. Hundreds of unhappy Royalists were overtaken and slaughtered as they stood ; men, women, and children being indiscriminately put to the sword, or mown down by volleys from the Republican guns. Large trenches were dug to receive the slain, into which killed and wounded were thrown without distinction ; and long afterwards the earth was seen to heave with the struggles of the wretched beings thus pitilessly buried alive. It is said that as many as twenty thousand persons perished in this awful butchery ; indeed, the great Vendean army never recovered from the blow, and before the end of 1793 the last remnant of the Royalist host was destroyed in the crowning disaster of Savenay.

The latest appearance of Le Mans on the field of history will be within the recollection of most of our readers, as this old city furnished one of the saddest episodes in the late Franco-German War. In the winter of 1870 the Prussian Army of the Loire, under Prince Frederick Charles, moved away from the city of Orleans, which it had recently occupied, with the intention of driving the French army, under General Chanzy, from its strong position before Le Mans. In spite of the severity of the season, the

German host advanced steadily towards their object, and on January 10th, 1871, they had reached the heights before the town ; after two days of obstinate fighting the forces of General Chanzy were driven back into Le Mans, which was entered by the Prussians on the 12th. The unhappy citizens were now made to experience the usual miseries of war. A heavy contribution was exacted from the town, and the German troops were quartered on the inhabitants. To add to the distress, a contagious disease broke out among the soldiers, and claimed hundreds of victims of all classes ; and it was not till the conclusion of peace, several weeks later, that Le Mans was freed from the unwelcome presence of its foreign guests.

It is a relief to turn from the horrors of war to a review of the chief ecclesiastical buildings of Le Mans. Foremost in dignity among these is the noble Cathedral, dedicated to St. Julian, Founder of the see, and first Apostle of Maine. This venerable structure, which, viewed from a distance, seems to dominate the whole town, is made up of two distinct parts : the low and somewhat gloomy nave, with its rounded arches and massive pillars, has much to remind an English visitor of our own Cathedrals of Hereford and Gloucester, while the lofty choir and transepts, which are of much later construction, afford an example of the purest and lightest period of the pointed style. The exterior view, however, is considerably marred by the incompleteness of the tower, which, standing at the end of the south transept, is capped by a stunted and heavy cupola. Le Mans Cathedral has long been famous for the wealth and beauty of its painted glass, much of which was destroyed by a violent hailstorm in the summer of 1857 : irreparable as was the damage, the loss was, however, so far as possible, made good, owing to the liberality of the French Government, by a very successful specimen of modern work.

The Great Revolution wrought terrible destruction among the ecclesiastical monuments of Le Mans ; out of sixteen parish

churches and numerous Religious Houses which the city possessed before that period scarcely half-a-dozen are now standing, and of this remnant the following are most worthy of notice. The fine Abbey church of La Couture, with its twin towers, dates in part from the end of the tenth century; it contains the ashes of H lie de la Fl che, the warlike Count of Maine, who was buried here in 1110. Notre Dame du Pr , formerly a house of Benedictine Nuns, is a very interesting example of the Romanesque style; like the Church of La Couture, it is of great antiquity, having replaced a still earlier building which had been destroyed by the Northmen. The church of the mission, originally established by our king Henry II. as a hospital for the poor and infirm, derives its popular name from the Lazarists, or *P res de la Mission*, to whom it was given in the seventeenth century. This church, which is much admired for the lightness and elegance of its columns, was desecrated at the revolution and is now used as a stable for cavalry. The Church of the Cordeliers or Franciscans, which was sacked by the Calvinists in the year 1562, has long since been rased to the ground; and the same may be said of the Dominican convent and church, the only record of which is preserved in the name of the "Place des Jacobins." The once famous Abbey of St. Vincent, which belonged to the learned Benedictine Congregation of St. Maur, has, however, survived to our own time, and is now the Seminary of the Diocese of Le Mans.

We conclude this imperfect sketch with an amusing episode in the life of Scarron, the first husband of Mme. de Maintenon. This writer, who was noted for the comic and satirical vein of his works, in the early part of his life resided at Le Mans, where, though a layman, he enjoyed the titular dignity of a Canon. During the carnival in the year 1683 Scarron, carried away by the spirit of the season, decked himself in a covering of feathers, and in this striking but undignified costume paraded the principal streets of the town. The novelty of the spectacle soon attracted a crowd,

which from being at first noisy and troublesome became before long violent and threatening; to avoid the attention of his uninvited escort, Scarron hurriedly took refuge beneath the arches of a bridge, and plunging into the little river Huisne swam to the opposite bank. The unhappy poet paid dearly for his jest; the icy coldness of the water struck into his body and paralysed him in every limb. Scarron, in fact, found himself a life-long cripple, but, with the habitual gaiety of his character, he turned the misfortune to account by gravely begging permission of the Queen of France to style himself *Le Malade indigne de la Reine*. The good-natured Queen received the request with a smile, and a moderate pension granted by the Minister of State secured the light-hearted poet from want.

GEORGE T. C. DOLMAN.

Sonnet.

A POET of one mood in all my lays,
Ranging all life to sing one only love,
Like a west wind across the world I move,
Sweeping my harp of floods mine own wild ways.

The countries change, but not the west-wind days,
Which are my songs. My soft skies shine above,
And on all seas the colours of a dove,
And on all fields a flash of silver greys.

I make the whole world answer to my art,
And sweet monotonous meanings. In your ears
I change not ever, bearing, for my part,
One thought that is the treasure of my years,
A small cloud full of rain upon my heart
And in mine arms, clasped, like a child in tears.

ALICE MEYNELL.

“The Church of Rome knows all about it”—now.

IN the odd little memoir of his brother, the Cardinal, published by Professor Francis W. Newman, there is the following extraordinary passage :

I cannot be sure of the year, perhaps it was 1842, that I went to Rugby to visit my College friend Bonamy Price, who eagerly asked me, “Have you seen that extraordinary Confession to a Priest in an Oxford newspaper?” I had not. He produced it. It was elaborate, in many paragraphs, and defined, with contrition, past literary sins. It had no signature, and no explanation *why* it was inserted (as an advertisement). The sins confessed were words derogatory to the Papacy, and one paragraph quoted the sinful words written “in *my* ‘History of the Arians.’” This at once showed that the penitent writer meant my brother. Then, why was not his name signed to it? We had guesses about that. One guess was that his confessor had violated secrecy. Another, more probable, that a priest had written it out in his own phraseology, had presented it to my brother to sign, but could not extort his signature : they had put it in without the signature, though with the words “*my* ‘History of the Arians,’” defying my brother to prosecute him, and hoping thus to cut off his retreat from Rome. Unless my brother had been able to say to a jury, “The whole thing has been done without my cognisance and against my will, and has cunningly evaded forging my name, which they are aiming to extort, but never shall,” a jury would give only nominal damages. The Church of Rome could afford to run that risk. Meanwhile the public was certain to infer that my brother had long had dealings with a Romish priest, and had made so weak resistance as to encourage him to *coercion*. Coercion it seemed to

be. If the slippery victim refused to submit, he retired from the contest damaged in reputation.

What was the truth as to this half-and-half publication is an enigma. The Church of Rome must know all about it.

The date that the Professor is uncertain about was exactly fifty years ago, almost to a day. It was therefore two years before the future Cardinal made up his mind to be a Catholic. A document on which a brother could build so big a mountain of innuendo becomes one of the curiosities of literature, and we have unearthed it for the modern reader :

It is true that I have at various times, in writing against the Roman system, used, not merely arguments, about which I am not here speaking, but what reads like declamation.

1. For instance, in 1833, in the "*Lyra Apostolica*," I called it a "lost Church."

2. Also, in 1833, I spoke of "the Papal Apostasy," in a work upon the Arians.

3. In the same year, in No. 15 of the series called the "*Tracts for the Times*," in which tract the words are often mine, though I cannot claim it as a whole, I say :

"True, Rome is heretical now—nay, grant she has thereby forfeited her orders ; yet, at least, she was not heretical in the primitive ages. If she has apostatised, it was at the time of the Council of Trent. Then, indeed, it is to be feared the whole Roman Communion bound itself, by a perpetual bond and covenant, to the cause of Antichrist."

Of this and other tracts, a friend, with whom I was on very familiar terms, observed, in a letter some time afterwards, though not of this particular part of it :

"It is very encouraging about the tracts ; but I wish I could prevail on you, when the second edition comes out, to cancel or materially alter several. The other day accidentally put in my way the tract on the "*Apostolical Succession in the English Church*," and it really does seem so very unfair that I wonder you could, even in the extremity of *οἰκονομία* and *φανακισμός*, have consented to be a party to it."

On the passage above quoted, I observe myself, in a pamphlet published in 1838 :

"I confess I wish this passage were not cast in so declamatory a form ; but the substance of it expresses just what I mean."

4. Also, in 1833, I said :

"Their Communion is infected with heresy ; we are bound to flee it as a pestilence. They have established a lie in the place of God's truth, and, by their claim of immutability in doctrine, cannot undo the sin they have committed (Tract XX.)."

5. In 1834, I said, in a magazine :

"The spirit of old Rome has risen again in its former place, and has evidenced its identity by its works. It has possessed the Church there planted, as an evil spirit might seize the demoniacs of primitive times, and makes her speak words which are not her own. In the corrupt Papal system we have the very cruelty, the craft, and the ambition of the Republic ; its cruelty in the unsparing sacrifice of the happiness and virtue of individuals to a phantom of public expediency, in its forced celibacy within, and its persecutions without ; its craft in its falsehoods, its deceitful deeds and lying wonders ; and its grasping ambition in the very structure of its polity, in its assumption of universal dominion : old Rome is still alive ; nowhere have its eagles lighted, but it still claims the sovereignty under another pretence. The Roman Church I will not blame, but pity : she is, as I have said, spell-bound, as if by an evil spirit ; she is in thralldom."

I say, in the same paper :

"In the Book of Revelations, the sorceress upon the seven hills is not the Church of Rome, as is often taken for granted, but Rome itself, that bad spirit which, in its former shape, was the animating principle of the fourth monarchy. In St. Paul's prophecy, it is not the Temple or Church of God, but the man of sin in the Temple, the old man, or evil principle of the flesh, which exalteth itself against God. Certainly it is a mystery of iniquity, and one which may well excite our dismay and horror, that in the very heart of the Church, in her highest dignity, in the seat of St. Peter, the evil principle has throned itself, and rules. It seems as if that spirit had gained subtlety by years ; Popish Rome has succeeded to Rome pagan : and would that we had no reason to expect still more crafty developments of Antichrist amid the wreck of institutions and establishments which will attend the fall of the Papacy ! I deny that the distinction is unmeaning. Is it nothing to be able to look on our mother, to whom we owe the blessing of Christianity, with affection instead of hatred, with pity indeed, nay and fear, but

not with horror? Is it nothing to rescue her from the hard names which interpreters of prophecy have put on her, as an idolatress and an enemy of God, when she is deceived rather than a deceiver?"

I also say :

"She virtually substitutes an external ritual for moral obedience; penance for penitence, confession for sorrow, profession for faith, the lips for the heart; such at least is her system as understood by the many."

Also I say, in the same paper :

"Rome has robbed us of high principles which she has retained herself, though in a corrupt state. When we left her, she suffered us not to go in the beauty of holiness; we left our garments and fled."

Against these, and other passages of this paper, the same friend, before it was published, made the following protest :

"I only except from this general approbation, your second and most superfluous hit at the poor Romanists; you have first set them down as demoniacally possessed by the evil genius of pagan Rome; but, notwithstanding, are able to find something to admire in their spirit, particularly because they apply ornament to its proper purposes; and then you talk of their churches, and all that is very well, and one hopes one has heard the end of name-calling, when all at once you relapse into your Protestantism, and deal in what I take leave to call slang."

Then, after a remark which is not to the purpose of these extracts, he adds :

"I do not believe that any Roman Catholic of education would tell you that he identified penitence and penance. In fact, I know that they very often preach against this very error as well as you could do."

6. In 1834, I also used of certain doctrines of the Church of Rome, the epithets "unscriptural," "profane," "impious," "bold," "unwarranted," "blasphemous," "gross," "monstrous," "cruel," "administering deceitful comfort," and "unauthorised," in Tract XXXVIII. I do not mean to say that I had not a definite meaning in every one of these epithets, or that I did not weigh them before I used them.

With reference to this passage the same monitor had said :

"I must enter another protest against your cursing and

swearing at the end of the first *Via Media* as you do (Tract XXXVIII.). What good can it do? I call it uncharitable to an excess. How mistaken we may ourselves be on many points that are only gradually opening on us!

"I withdrew the whole passage several years ago."

7. I said, in 1837, of the Church of Rome:

"In truth she is a Church beside herself, abounding in noble gifts and rightful titles, but unable to use them religiously; crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural, as madmen are. Or, rather, she may be said to resemble a demoniac, possessed with principles, thoughts, and tendencies not her own, in outward form and in outward powers what God made her; but ruled within by an inexorable spirit, who is sovereign in his management over her, and most subtle and most successful in the use of her gifts. Thus, she is her real self only in name; and till God vouchsafe to restore her, we must treat her as if she were that evil one which governs her."

8. In 1837, I said also in a review:

"The second and third Gregories appealed to the people against the Emperor for a most unjustifiable object, and in, apparently, a most unjustifiable way. They became rebels to establish image worship. However, even in this transaction, we trace the original principle of Church power, though miserably defaced and perverted, whose form

Had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined and the excess
Of glory obscured.

Upon the same basis, as is notorious, was built the ecclesiastical monarchy. It was not the breath of princes, or the smiles of a Court, which fostered the stern and lofty spirit of Hildebrand and Innocent. It was the neglect of self, the renunciation of worldly pomp and ease, the appeal to the people."

I must observe, however, upon this passage, that no reference is made in it (the idea is shocking) to the subject of Milton's lines, who ill answers to the idea of purity and virtue defaced, of which they speak. An application is made of them to a subject which I considered, when I so wrote, to befit them better, viz., the Roman Church, as viewed in a certain exercise of her power in the person of two Popes.

Perhaps I have made other statements in a similar tone, and

that, again, when the statements themselves were unexceptionable and true. If you ask me how an individual could venture not simply to hold, but to publish such views of a Communion so ancient, so widespreading, so fruitful in Saints, I answer, that I said to myself, "I am not speaking my own words, I am but following almost a consensus of the divines of my Church. They have ever used the strongest language against Rome, even the most able and learned of them. I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I am safe. Such views, too, are necessary for our position." Yet I have reason, to fear still, that such language is to be ascribed, in no small measure, to an impetuous temper, a hope of approving myself to persons I respect, and a wish to repel the charge of Romanism.

An admission of this kind involves no retraction of what I have written in defence of Anglican doctrine. And as I make it for personal reasons, I make it without consulting others. I am as fully convinced as ever, indeed I doubt not Roman Catholics themselves would confess, that the Anglican doctrine is the strongest, nay the only possible antagonist of their system. If Rome is to be withstood it can be done in no other way.

December 12th, 1842.

The association of Cardinal Newman with the Archbishop of Cabasa makes it appropriate to mention here that a new edition of his "Autobiography" is now in the press—a proof that the general public ratifies the esteem in which his Diocesan was held for so long a period by the Founder of the Birmingham Oratory. From the uniform volume of his Grace's "Letters," so admirably edited by Mother Theodosia Drane, we reproduce the portrait of the Archbishop given as its frontispiece.

*The Story of a Conversion.**(Continued from p. 71.)*

CHAPTER X. THE KINGDOM OF THE SAINTS.

3 CLOSED the preceding paper by quoting from the Book of Wisdom the declaration that the souls of the just "shall judge nations, and rule over peoples." These holy souls are not said at the time the book was written to have already received the fulness of life, or, of what is implied in the Hebraic idea of life, of vigour, and of power. "Their hope" was only "full of immortality." They were still in limbo; Christ had not yet come, to open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers. But when He ascended into Heaven, they ascended with Him; they began to reign with Him, *i.e.*, their reign was co-extensive with His. The passage, being from the Old Testament, does not, indeed, expressly say this. But it implies it, as the Old Testament implies the New; and what it does say is that they were to reign while nations and peoples still continued to exist, and consequently before the general judgment. What, then, was the great religious event in the world's history which made the difference between having a "hope full of immortality," and *reigning*? Surely the greatest of all events, the Incarnation and the entrance of Christ into His glory. From the uniform standpoint of Holy Scripture, nothing essential is to follow this, except the general judgment and its consequences. His kingdom

is only to grow, or to be temporarily narrowed by Antichrist; and such changes of degree logically correspond not to the difference between reigning and not reigning, but to that between reigning more or less fully and extensively.

The Place and Use of the so-called Apocryphal Books.

"But," it has been said, "the Book of Wisdom, like those of Tobit, Judith, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, First and Second Maccabees, and the parts of Esther and Daniel which are omitted in the ordinary Protestant Bibles, is apocryphal, and no argument can be founded on it; and besides, the passage in Wisdom only means that the souls of the just will be very happy." To the latter of these pleas the obvious, and superabundant, answer is that an honest interpreter takes a passage to mean what it says.* And, as to the former, *firstly*, the passage is in substance only a repetition of what is elsewhere stated in the books which Protestants themselves accept; *secondly*, it is almost immaterial for the purpose of the argument whether Wisdom, Tobit, etc., are canonical or not; and *thirdly*, they are improperly excluded (by Protestants in general) from the canon.

Firstly, the passage does not state what is new, but draws our attention to what has been stated elsewhere, by reiterating it. We have already read in the Book of Daniel that dominion under the whole Heaven was to be given to the Saints of the Most High, and that "a two-edged sword shall be in their hand";† and not only this, but we have seen the conception led up to by earlier passages.‡

Secondly, it is not of essential importance to the present argument whether these so-called apocryphal books are canonical or not. In either case, they are ancient Jewish books; they

* Cf. *ante*, MERRY ENGLAND, XIX. 461, 462. Reign means reign.

† *Ante*, XIX. 460, and XX. 56.

‡ *Ante*, XIX. 385, *sqq.*

show us what the beliefs of the Jews were, and, in particular, what were the beliefs of the Hellenists,* who formed the bulk of the converts to Christianity; and they are also exceptionally important on account of their being as a rule of late date, and thus exhibiting the condition of Jewish thought near the beginning of the Christian era.† It is manifestly of the utmost importance to know, in any accurate discussion of Christian doctrines, what truths those to whom our Divine Lord and His Apostles spoke were already acquainted with, so that He and they did not need to insist on them; and into what errors they had fallen, which, as errors, needed correction and refutation. Such knowledge is manifestly an essential preliminary to the right understanding of the New Testament; and it may even be added that we ought to make ourselves acquainted with the beliefs of the then contemporary heathenisms with which the first teachers of Christianity came into contact, so as to discriminate between those which were rejected and reprobated, and those which were passed over as in themselves blameless, and needing only to be cleared of heathenish associations and suggestions by the reception of Christianity. It is, in this connexion, of no little importance to know that the heathens round Palestine believed both in the intercession of those whom (after a heathenish fashion) they regarded as Saints, and in prayers and sacrifices for the dead. It is still more instructive to learn that the Jews believed in the very same things—to find in the Book of Wisdom such a passage as I have quoted, and to read in the Second Book of Maccabees that “It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.” In some Protestant Bibles, the so-called Apocrypha are printed. What is to be

* *Ante*, p. 63.

† “Without them we should be ignorant of the fulfilment of many of the Old Testament prophecies, especially those in the Book of Daniel; and should know nothing of several customs and circumstances, alluded to in the New Testament, and essential to its understanding” (Harold Browne, “Exposition of the XXXIX. Articles,” 1887, p. 183).

regretted from the historical point of view is that the editors, having once made up their minds to include what they imagined not to be canonical, did not also include the "Book of Enoch," the "Psalms of Solomon," the "Third" and "Fourth" "Books of Maccabees," and other writings analogous to them—as well as the "Prayer of Manasseh" and the two uncanonical "Books of Esdras." In the common Protestant Bibles the "Apocrypha" are omitted, manifestly to the disadvantage of the historical reader.

But, thirdly, the exclusion of Tobit, Judith, Baruch, First and Second Maccabees, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and the omitted parts of Esther and Daniel, as apocryphal,* is itself wrong; and this may be shown by two general arguments. One of these is that (as may be seen by carefully examining the Old Testament in a Protestant Bible) it rejects, book for book, chapter for chapter, and verse for verse, exactly what the Jews of the present day reject, and admits exactly what they admit, and no more. Now, whatever is right, this must be wrong. On the face of it, the Christian Church cannot down to every verse, word, and letter, have everywhere been uniformly mistaken, and their opponents and frequent persecutors been always right. The tendency of the Jews was to deny; for example, they deny the whole of the New Testament. Protestants slavishly imitate them verse by verse throughout the Old Testament, and—one is tempted to say, illogically admit the New. This was the beginning among them of that destructive "criticism" which up to the last few years held its head so high. They prided themselves in discovering (as they thought) historical inaccuracies in Judith, but used other weights and measures with respect to Genesis; they found the history of Tobias incredible, and accepted that of Jonah and the whale; they raised quarrels with Maccabees,

* Apocryphal now means spurious, adventitious, worthless, untrustworthy. It anciently meant hidden, concealed (from *apo*, from, and *krupto*, to hide.)

and received Chronicles : and the result has been just what any fairly reasonable person would have anticipated. The Catholic Church has proceeded in a more sensible manner. It has picked its way ; accepting, for instance, the First and Second Books of Maccabees, and rejecting the "Third" and "Fourth" ; accepting Baruch, and rejecting "Enoch." Nor, I may add, have Catholic theologians been much moved by alleged historical difficulties, whether in Genesis or in Judith ; for not only have they composedly reflected that difficulties of this kind may be merely our mistakes, but, in the last resort, though intensely unwilling to admit a mistake even in a date, they have remembered that copyists of manuscripts are not infallible ; and what the Church has really defined about Holy Scripture is that (allowance having been made for the development of religion, from Judaism, for example, to Christianity) it is authoritative in *faith*, and in *morals*.—The other argument is more radical. It goes back, that is to say, to the reason why Protestants receive some books, and reject others. Their reason is that those which they receive were composed before the succession of the Prophets—which, naturally, terminated soon after Judæa had ceased to be an independent kingdom—had ended. They rely on a Jewish tradition that the last of the Prophets sanctioned the series of books, and affirm that all those which they reject, and no others, were written subsequently. That is an intelligible position ; but no one who has any knowledge of Hebrew antiquities now adheres to it. Those who, having no knowledge of the subject, still cling to it, are fond of quoting a passage of Josephus, which I gave last month ; and which they misunderstand, for Josephus does not say that the books written after the "accurate succession of the Prophets" expired were rejected. And he really did not know when the books were written. The truth is that the deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament—those, that is to say, which Catholics accept and Protestants reject—while, as a whole,

they are late books and are therefore exceptionally valuable in their bearings on the interpretation of the New Testament—are not uniformly later than the Cethûbhîm or Hagiographa, the books of the third and last section of the Jewish Bible. They are in reality, from a chronological point of view, intercalated among these. This will be shown by the examination of these books, on which, as far as belongs to our subject, I now enter, taking them in the chronological order of the subjects to which they relate. In this arrangement, the first is the Book of Tobit or Tobias.

The Book of Tobias.

The Books of Tobias and Judith belong (as, to a certain extent, those of Chronicles, Esther, Job, and Ecclesiastes also do) to the class of didactic or hortatory narratives, *i.e.*, of narratives in which the purpose of drawing a moral is more conspicuous than in the ordinary historical books. From this point of view, they may be compared to Esther in particular, and are intermediate between Chronicles on the one hand and Job and Ecclesiastes on the other: for the moral to be drawn stands out more prominently than in the two Books of Paralipomena, or, as St. Jerome first called them, Chronicles; and less prominently than in those of Job and Ecclesiastes, where it is the almost exclusive topic.* The setting or framework through which the

* Hence the idea that Job is a parable:—"Job did not exist, and was not a created being; but is a *mashal*," or parable (R. Samuel Nachmanides in the Babylonian Talmud, *Babha Bathra*). But the personal existence of Job is one thing, and the precise nature of the book is another. The real existence of Job seems to be distinctly recognised by Ezechiel (xiv. 14), who names Noe or Noah, Daniel, and Job, together, in such a way as to imply that the third was no less a historical personage than the two others. Cf. James v. 11: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." It is true that we quote the parable of the woman who was heard for her much asking, as an encouragement to persevering prayer; and the parable of the tares and the wheat growing up together until the harvest, as a direction to be patient with evil. But the cases are not altogether parallel; and it is not probable that the whole of the actual examples of patience and endurance would have been passed over and an entirely artificial example composed *de novo*. Luther revived, in a modified form, the opinion that the Book of Job is a parable: he held that Job was an ancient Patriarch, who suffered such mis-

ethical and doctrinal lessons of the book are conveyed, is, briefly, as follows: Tobiah, Tobit, or Tobias, a sincerely pious Hebrew of the tribe of Naphtali, a private person, without any other claim on Divine Providence than his genuine goodness, was carried away captive into Nineveh by Enemessar, King of Assyria, and, with his wife and son, was thus deprived of the external assistance which his conscientious and strenuous attendance to the Temple worship at Jerusalem had previously supplied to his religious life (i. 1-10). That God will not forsake those

fortunes as are described in the Prologue at the beginning of the book, was visited by his friends, justified by God, and restored, as we read in the Epilogue, at the end; but, he says: "I do not believe that all took place just as it is written; but that an ingenious, pious, and learned man brought it into its present form"—used, in fact, these circumstances as a basis, and composed the series of poems which form the intermediate part of the book. This view of the book of Job was forcibly attacked by Cardinal Bellarmine and other Catholic theologians, and after having been abandoned by most Lutherans, was revived by Michaelis, and is now the prevailing opinion among "orthodox" German Evangelicals, and among English and American non-Catholics. "The book," says Driver, for instance, "cannot be supposed to recite a literal history . . . partly from the symbolical numbers, three, five, and seven, used to describe Job's flocks and children, and from the fact that after his restoration the latter are exactly the same in number as before, while the former are exactly doubled; partly from the ideal and dramatic character of his misfortunes, nature and man alternating in their endeavour to ruin him, and one only escaping each time to bring the tidings; but especially from the character of the dialogue, which contains far too much thought and argument to have been extemporised on the occasion, and is manifestly the studied product of the author's leisurely reflection." But "the ends which he [the writer of the book] had in view would be much better served if he set vividly before his people a history of which the outlines were popularly known, than if he took as his hero one with whose [very] name they were unfamiliar" ("Int. O. T. Lit," p. 387). The mere fact of the parable-opinion being entertained by Luther no doubt powerfully contributed to give it a bad name among Catholic anti-Lutheran controversialists, though there was in reality nothing specifically Lutheran about it, since, as we have just seen, it was propounded in antiquity in a more extreme form. The Catholic Church, it is to be remembered, has pronounced no judgment either way. The question to an orthodox interpreter is how the inspired author himself intended his book to be understood. And this is a question of what the habitual ways of speaking and writing were (cf. Luke x. 30-36). The answer to it depends not on what we, Westerns of the nineteenth century, would regard, but on what Hebrews of more than two thousand years ago, Orientals, regarded, as indications of a recital being wholly parabolic, wholly historical, or partly the one and partly the other. The parable opinion has been adopted in its less extreme form by later Catholic authors, *e.g.*, by F. Knabenbauer, S.J. (on Job, Introduction; Paris, Lethiel-leux, 1886), who says: "Certum est, quæ in Prologo (i., ii.) et Epilogo

who against their will are placed in such a situation and perseveringly fulfil the duties which remain open to them, is the central lesson of the book; a lesson which needed to be drawn out somewhere, and is not elsewhere drawn out in Holy Scripture. His zeal for the observance of the Law—a feature of Jewish character always brought out by exile or captivity, at least among Hebrews who did not abandon their religion—was at first rewarded by temporal prosperity; he was made one of Enemessar's purveyors; became wealthy, as so many of the Hebrews did in the Captivity; and was in a position to lend a fellow-countryman, Gabael, of Rages in Media, ten talents of silver. After the return of Sennacherib, Enemessar's son, from the expedition in which the Assyrian army was destroyed on the southern border of Palestine, he was charged with burying the dead whom the King in his fury against the Hebrews had caused to be slain, and was deprived of his posses-

(xlii.) proponuntur, ab auctore sacro tanquam res generatim vere gestas narrari."

The interest of the subject largely consists in this opinion, first (as far as we knew) expressed with respect to Job by R. Simeon, having in later times been applied to Tobias, Judith, and Esther. "It has," to quote Dr. Kitto, "been supposed by Le Clerc and other critics, that the Book of Esther is no more than a historical romance, or a kind of tragedy, in which the action is carried on by imaginary characters. This opinion has not been often advanced, since the historical basis, at least, of the book has been established by Eichhorn; and it is now more commonly urged that the basis of the narrative is, indeed, historically true, but that it is embellished with many imaginary circumstances. Some of those who entertain these opinions, do not necessarily on that account impugn the canonical authority of the book; for they admit that, seeing the sacred canon does include many parables and fables"—he means apologues, fables in one of the meanings of the Latin *fabula*—"in illustration of great truths, there is no reason why the great doctrine of God's providence should not be set forth under the Divine sanction by such a tale or by such a 'narrative founded on facts,' as they suppose this book to contain. Yet, on the other hand, these views of the book have, although not necessarily, yet generally, been held in connexion with a feeling adverse to the claims of Esther to a place in the canon of the Old Testament.—It certainly seems to us that the claim of the book to be regarded as a narrative historically true has not been weakened in the controversy" (Kitto, "Introduction to Esther"). The idea is that many of the details have been added to give body and vividness to the description, without its being intended that the reader should look upon them as historical facts. The evidence of this would be evidence of that *intention*.

sions; and though they were restored to him by Esar-haddon, Sennacherib's successor, he afterwards again fell into poverty—a poverty now aggravated by blindness, the consequence of leucoma (i. 11, ii. 22).*

In the next section of the book we are wholly transported into the region of the supernatural. The Turanian races—the Tartars, Laplanders, Esquimaux, and so forth—have always shown a special aptitude for hypnotism and for the spurious and genuine magical phenomena which accompany the singularly sensitive hypnotic state. The Medes were partly Turanians and partly Aryans; and Media in the east, like Egypt in Africa and Thrace in Europe, was anciently as notorious for magical phenomena as was Lapland in the Middle Ages. The Magi,

*Where the Greek text has Enemessar, the Vulgate has Salmanasar, of which (on account of 4 Kings xvii. 3-6, "Salmanasar, King of the Assyrians, came up . . . and he went through all the land. . . . And the King of the Assyrians took Samaria, and carried Israel away into Assyria") the Enemessar of the Greek was evidently supposed to be a corruption. Sennacherib, however, was the son not of Salmanasar, but of Sargon, who usurped the throne while Salmanasar was besieging Samaria, and declares in one of his inscriptions that he himself took the place. It was also Sargon who carried away the captives, and settled them as colonists chiefly in the mountainous parts of Media (Schrader, "Keilinschriften," Giessen, 1883, p. 402; Winckler, "Geschichte Babyloniens und Assyriens," Leipzig, 1892, p. 237). He called himself Sharrukînu, "the established King," and Shar-ukîn, "He [God] has appointed the King," as claiming a direct commission from Heaven, being destitute of hereditary right; and Shar-ukin arku-u, "the other Sargon," in allusion to an older Sargon or Sargina, a half-legendary Babylonian "predestined" or "constituted" king who was fabled to have risen from a servile condition to the throne (Schrader, p. 392; Sayce, "Religion of the Ancient Babylonians," p. 26). The Enem-essar of the Greek text appears to have nothing to do with Shalmânû-ussûr, Shalmaneser, or Salmanasar—the fourth of that name in the Assyrian annals—but to mean "Him whom Ashûr set up" or promoted, and so to be a synonym for Sargon. For *nam* and *en-nam*, which are perhaps connected with the Hebrew *na'am*, to pronounce, oracularly to declare, mean in the Assyrian language (Friedrich Delitzsch, "Assyrische Grammatik," 1889, pp. 29 and 44*) appointment, lot, destiny. Ashûr is the name of the supreme god of Assyria, and Ashshûr that of the country and people. Oppert conjectures that Enemessar stands for Anu-masir, "Anu is gracious."—On the end of Sennacherib or Sennacherib, the destruction of whose army (4 Kings xix.; Is. xxxvii.) is mentioned by Herodotus (ii. 141), see Halévy, "Verification documentaire de deux données bibliques relatives à Sennacherib," in the *Revue des Etudes Juives*, 1890, No. 39, pp. 1-10.

indeed, from whom magic derives its name, were a Median tribe. Rages in particular, or, as it is called in the Zendavesta, "Ragha of the three races," seems to have been specially infected by this evil influence and by the terror which it caused.* Tobias prays for death, gives his last counsels to his son, informs him of the loan to Gabael, and directs him to go to Rages to reclaim it, which he had been previously unable to do, the roads being unsafe (i. 15 of the Greek text). As a guide into this hotbed of preternaturalism, the Angel Raphael offers himself. Appearances of Angels are quite commonly spoken of in Holy Scripture; this, manifested in response to the prayers of Tobias, differs from the others only in the accessory circumstance of enduring longer. The devotion of Tobias, moreover, had not alone appealed to Heaven. Sarah, a daughter of Raguel (a Hebrew living, like Gabael, at Rages), was obsessed by a demon who had destroyed seven husbands to whom in succession she had been wedded, and at the same time as Tobias prayed for death, was praying for deliverance (iii. 1—v. 28).

The Angel, then, and the lad, set out together; and on a fish approaching as if to attack the youth (*paidarion*) while he is bathing in a tributary of the river Tigris, Raphael—who up to the present is supposed by all to be no more than a skilful human guide, with a knowledge of the country through which they were passing and of its natural productions—directs the youth not to be afraid, but to draw it to the land and to cut out and preserve its gall-bladder, its liver, and its heart. This he accordingly does, and as they go on in their journey, he naturally asks, "What" (*i.e.*, what is the use of) "the heart and the liver and the gall of the fish?" To which his guide replies: "As to the heart and the liver, suppose" (take it as a possible

* By the intermingling of races, the Aryans at Rages are said to have been peculiarly exposed there to alien and perverse influences (Bunsen, "Philosophy of History," iii. 485).

case) "that a demon or an evil spirit should be obsessing someone, these are for being fumigated in the presence of the man—or the woman—and the obsession will come to an end. And the gall is for anointing a man who has leucomas in his eyes, and he will be healed" (vi. 1-9, Greek text). The allusion is obvious (vi. 10-18, Greek text); they travel on to Ragha; Sarah is delivered from her obsession, and the youth marries her; the sight of his father is restored; and the Angel, finally, reveals himself, and tells Tobias that he, and not the natural efficaciousness of the gall, the liver, and the heart, has been the real intermediary of their blessings:—"The Lord hath sent *me* to heal thee, and to deliver Sarah, thy son's wife, from the demon" (vii. 1—xii. 15). *

* Long before this the Medes had begun to encroach on the eastern provinces of the Assyrian Empire, and military expeditions had been undertaken with the view of turning back this tide of immigrant nomads who were advancing from Tartary, or of making them subjects to Assyria. The earlier expeditions had been successful, executed as they were while the Median population on the eastern borders of Assyria was as yet scanty and feeble; they were reduced to submission, and the Assyrian armies made a desolation which they called peace. But in the reign of Sennacherib they grew stronger, whether because of the continuance of the wave of immigration from the east, or on account of that monarch occupying himself too much with western conquests. It is believed by Duncker and other historians that in this reign they even vindicated their independence of Assyria, and whether that is correct or not, there were renewed frontier wars, in which the roads would become unsafe. Esar-haddon, his successor, was, however, one of the greatest of the Assyrian princes; he turned his forces even against Median tribes of which, he says, his "fathers had never heard the name"; and secured, for the time, a tranquillity in which it was possible for Assyrian travellers to go safely to Ragha or Rages.—The malady called leucoma is a white speck or patch on, in, or immediately behind the cornea. In itself it leaves the deeper and more essential parts of the eye uninjured, though it impedes or prevents the entrance of light to them; and thus, unless it is removed, renders vision imperfect, or impossible. Of such specks or patches there are several kinds: some in the crystalline lens, behind the cornea, which are called cataracts; and others more external, on the surface of the eye itself, and due to loss of its natural translucency in consequence of the direct application of any irritating substance producing ophthalmia. For these, the application of the gall of a fish is recommended in medical works as late as the last century; and, "until recent times, it was used in Persia for blindness caused by inflammation." But "the healing of Tobit, after eight years' blindness, is viewed (xiv. 2) as a miracle, towards which God was pleased to

bless the fish's gall as a means : and as a miracle it will compare with the use of moistened clay in another case of blindness," John ix. 5 (Prebendary Wace, *ad loc.*, in the "Speaker's Commentary"). Rages is only five miles from Teheran, the present capital of Persia.

A summary of the mystical interpretations of Tobias vi. 8 and viii. 2 will be found in the exposition of Dr. E. Gutberlet, a German Catholic commentator, "Das Buch Tobias übersetzt und erklärt, mit oberhirtlicher Approbation," Munster, 1877, pp. 191, *sqq.* The use of the smoke of the heart and liver of a fish where obsession was suspected must have been an existing custom—a custom of a kind on which Görres has a good deal to say in his "Mystical Theology." Commentators have made many conjectures what the fish was, *e.g.*, that it was a seal, a crocodile, a hippopotamus, a pike, a dog-fish, etc. (O. F. Fritzsche, "D.B. Tobi," Leipzig, 1853, p. 52, referring for further details to Reinhard, "Bibelkrankheiten," ii. § 191-200). Nothing can at all safely be inferred except that a fish is intended, and not a seal or a hippopotamus; that it was a fresh water fish; and that it was, or seemed, formidable or of intimidating ugliness. A writer named Helvigius is referred to by Fritzsche as having guessed the silurus or sheat-fish (Pliny, "Natural History," ix. 5)—a sufficiently odd-looking creature, though not so goblin-like as the chimæras, or even as the sharks and rays to which these are zoologically allied. Both in Egypt and in Media such uncanny looking beings were regarded as formed and possessed by an evil principle, by Set in Egypt, and by Angro-Mainyas or Ahriman in Media; so that to kill them was regarded as a meritorious action, and as a means and an omen of overcoming the evil principle itself. In the Zendavesta, for example, a man who has offended against a certain requirement of the Zoroastorian law is bid to expiate his fault by killing a thousand (*i.e.*, very many) serpents who creep on the earth, and a thousand which do not; to destroy a thousand land frogs and a thousand water frogs; to offer in sacrifice a thousand head of small cattle, and to fulfil some other precepts equally impracticable in the majority of cases. And as to Egypt, "I see the fish ant (the perch according to Birch) in his transformations upon the water; I see the silurus each time that he oppresses his enemies. He has felt my blows cutting his back" (Book of the Dead). Now, it has always been a recognised principle in magic—it is the principle which, for example, underlies the practice of making a wax figure of a person whom it is desired to injure, and sticking pins into it—that injuries done or insults offered to objects thus imagined to have a *rapproch* with the central being, human or preternatural, with which they are associated, have a reflex action on that being; that they contract his powers, and are of evil omen to him. The liver and the heart, moreover, were regarded as the special seats of life; and hence in the Babylonian liturgies there occur such expressions as "May thy liver have rest . . . O supreme judge, may thy heart be still" (Sayce, *ut supra*, p. 519). The existent practice would thus appear to have been that of burning the liver and heart of some creature associated with an evil principle, and so destroying even the last lingering sparks of vitality which might be supposed to hide themselves within it.

The question remains, how a supernatural being could lend himself (as it were) to superstition. The essential answer is that if individuals or societies are to be raised higher than they are, the process must be begun by taking them at the level from which they are to be lifted up. To speak to a human

being in the only language which for the moment he can understand, in order to teach him another language which is better, is not, in fact, to "lend oneself" to the perpetuation of the less perfect tongue, but is to take the only reasonable and the only practicable means of reducing it to silence.

X. Y. Z.

(To be continued.)

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